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Selina Lanyon. 4

1/6

THE

BANKS OF TAMAR,

A POEM,

With other Pieces,

BY N. T. CARRINGTON.

———scenes as fair as England holds
Within her world of beauty.

———*Longos superant flexus, teguntur*
Arboribus; viridesque secant placido æquore sylvas.

PLYMOUTH-DOCK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY JOHN CONGDON, AND PUBLISHED BY HIM; BY THE BOOKSELLERS IN PLYMOUTH AND DOCK; AND BY BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY, LONDON.

1820.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE

Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, &c.

This Volume,

Is, with all respect, dedicated,

By his obliged

And most obedient Servant,

N. T. CARRINGTON.

November 5th, 1820.

TO THE

READER.

The severity of criticism may be softened by the intimation, that the M.S.S. of this volume passed from the author to his printer, without having been inspected by any literary friend.

Other circumstances, very unfavourable to literary composition, have attended this work. In the celebrated tale of "Old Mortality" Mr. Patieson, the village teacher, after describing with admirable fidelity, his anxious and distressing labours during the day, observes: "The reader may have some conception of the relief which a solitary walk in the cool of a fine summer evening affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shattered, for so many hours, in plying the task of public instruction."

"My chief haunt," he continues, "in these hours of golden leisure is the banks of the small stream, which, winding through a lone vale of green bracken, passes in front of the village school-house," &c. But the teacher of "Gandercleuch" possessed advantages which never fell

to the lot of the writer of this work. Engaged, like that far-famed personage, in the education of youth, his labours have seldom been relinquished till the close of our longest summer evenings; when, instead of retiring to the banks of a beautiful stream, he has almost uniformly been driven, by business connected with his arduous profession, or by literary cares, to his solitary study at home.

There,—depressed by the previous fatigues of the day, he has occasionally indulged in composition, and hence this volume, the production of many a pensive, abstracted hour. In publishing his effusions, the highest ambition of the writer is to please his subscribers; and should he fortunately attain this object, he cheerfully resigns all pretensions to more distinguished honours.

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THE

BANKS OF TAMAR.

MORNING! the enthusiastic harp has swept
Thy praise in glowing numbers! Every age
Has pour'd the tribute of immortal song
To thee, that darting wide the welcome LIGHT,
Breakest in beautiful succession round,
The exulting sphere. Nor Man alone uplifts
His master voice, the grateful woodland choirs
Join the grand chorus;—their triumphant strains
Have sounded thy high praises from the hour,
When all thy orbs first sang aloud for joy,
And GOD pronounced *GOOD* the living world!*

*The Morning Stars sang together.

BIBLE.

The lyre of ages and the hymns of bards
Have welcom'd thee, and still the nations hail
With wide acclaim thy birth. Thou dost bedeck
Heav'n with enchanting colourings that mock
The painter's mimic skill, though half divine
Genius had form'd his pencil. O'er the earth
Thou strewest liquid pearls, by far more clear
And sparkling than the lustres which adorn
A monarch's gaudy brow. Those cheering gales,
In which the very soul of freshness breathes,
Reviving the delighted world, are thine:
And sweetly too, the bud, the leaf, the flower,
Live in thy frag'rant chaplet, gentle Morn.

But not for him who spurns thy precious hour,
Are these thy hues celestial, nor the gales
Of freshness, nor the bud, the leaf, the flower,
That with thee sweetly live, nor general lay
Of Earth and Sky. O may I hear thy call
Obedient, when the new-born rays of light
Are streaming, and the first, best, melodies
Are hailing them! O may I stray with thee

As the year wanders on in silent lapse,
For to thy faithful votary are giv'n,
All the pleas'd eye, and rapt'r'd ear can wish,—
Beauty and Music, Health and Joy, and Life.

Away ye slumbers then, for see the SUN
Purples the east; the herald Lark has left
The shadowy vale to greet him. Even now
The minstrel of the dawn with carol loud,
Salutes the rising orb, and on thy banks,
Delightful TAMAR, swell the notes that rise
From bush and brake and grove;—my ready bark
Shall soon be on thy stream, and never seem'd
Thy flood more fair, and never did the breeze
Of June, more softly kiss the broad HAMOAZE.

The dawn is fair as ever Summer knew,
The breeze is soft as ever Summer breath'd,
And yet, inconstant Devon, many a morn
Serene as this which now propitious comes
With orient hues, warm airs, and music on,
Has ended in the blackening storm of eve.

The clouds have risen in the blackening West,
And, sailing o'er the expectant Earth, have pour'd
Their wat'ry treasures down; the winds have pip'd
In place of morning's witching minstrelsies;
And fearfully, the pleasure bark that sail'd
At blushing dawn, to wind between the banks
Of Tamar, then all smoothiness, all calm,
Has struggled homeward, plunging o'er the stream,
The very stream that like a mirror show'd
At morn, the azure of the faithless Heaven.

"THE FAITHLESS HEAV'N," I love our fickle sky
Beyond the unspotted azure which fatigues
The view, in regions of the burning South:
How glorious is the gilding of our clouds!
How infinite their change of shape and tint!
How sweet to see them intercept the ray
Meridian, and to see the shadows fly
In swift succession o'er the chequer'd map!
And though our clime is moist, hath Italy
Cheering the eye throughout the varying year,
More pleasant, more delicious sheets of GREEN?

'Tis said "thy very weeds are beautiful,"
Thou vaunted country of the unclouded Sun!
But we too have enchanting forms, and hues
Most *beautiful;* and we can walk abroad
In this our temperate and indulgent clime,
To gaze, enamour'd, on the loveliness
Of Nature, while her blooming face is fann'd
After kind showers, by gales which would refresh
Thy languid face, IMPERIAL ITALY!

Fair are the provinces that England boasts,
Lovely the verdure, exquisite the flowers,
That bless her hills and dales,—her streamlets clear,
Her seas majestic, and her prospects all,
Of old, as now, the pride of British song!
But England sees not on her charming map,
A goodlier spot than our fine DEVON;—rich
Art thou in all that Nature's hand can give,
Land of the matchless view! The tyrant Sun
Thy emerald bosom spares, for frequent showers
Drop from the voyaging and friendly cloud,
To cheer thy foliage, and to swell thy streams!

Hence all thy mountain torrents that descend
To stray in meads, as Tempe ever fair,
Thy noble rivers hence, and that rich robe
Of green, throughout the varying year which clothes
The pleasant fields of thy Peninsula.

Let then the winds, wide sweeping o'er the vast,
And grand Atlantic, waft sublimely on
The big-swoln clouds which suddenly obscure
The face of the blue Heaven; yet, we who live
On the bold marge of Ocean, bless the mild
And happy climate where no fierce extremes
Of cold and heat annoy. How soft the breeze
That from the warm South comes! how sweet to feel
The gale Favonian too that o'er the cheek
Breathes Health and Life! Nor are inspiring days
Of radiance wanting; oft the monarch orb
Holds undisputed reign, but cooling airs
Fresh from the wave, the bosom of the West
Are ever fanning, and he seldom rules
With sway tyrannic, but with temper'd beam
Sheds kindliest influence on the grateful land.

E'en now he gilds thy noble woods, Cotehele,
And see this murm'ring strand whose foot is lav'd
By the swift-flowing tide, is sprinkled o'er
With smiling friends, who, spite of fickle skies,
Trust the fair promise of the morn, and raise
The summer sail, and to the fav'ring wind
Unloose the wanton streamer. We are bound
On a delightful voyage, and such scenes
Await us, as the memory well may hold
While life retains a pulse. The surging snake
Has not more folds than Tamar, but ere noon,
Each wood-fringed headland doubled, we shall pause
Beneath the flashing WEIR.*

This sun-bright day
Is giv'n to PLEASURE. Let not moralists
Decry the inspiring HOLIDAY!—the flight
From all the pain, the bustle of the world!
Let not the Cynic look with jaundic'd eye

* The Tamar is navigable as far as the Weir, which, following the eccentric course of the river, is twenty-one miles from Plymouth-Dock.

On those enlivening hours, which, like the bursts
Of sunshine on the wayworn pilgrim's head,
Dispel the mental gloom. They are the salt
Of this our short existence; they beguile
The rugged road of life; they often brace
Anew the slacken'd nerves, refresh the brain,
Rouse up the spirits, and revive the heart!
Let him not look with stern, reproving glance
On the snatch'd joys of those poor prisoners,
Whom the harsh gaoler, BUSINESS, in his gripe
Fastens but too securely. Man is bound
By artificial ties, where cities rear
Their huge circumference; but how he longs
To quit them for a season; how he strives
Like some imprison'd bird that droops within
Its bars, to leave engirting ties behind,
And feel the breeze of Heaven upon his cheek,
The uncontaminated breeze, and rove
In the fresh fields, or skim the river's breast,
A joyous denizen of earth. To him
How grand the mountain's cloudy brow,—how sweet
How doubly sweet are sunny vales, how wave

The wanton woods, how freshly flow the streams,
Responsive to the song of morn and eve.
He sees a million beauties, which the sons
Of LEISURE miss; for they with heedless step,
And vacant eye, stroll oft among the works,
The miracles of Nature, unimpress'd
By all they see, and undelighted too
At the soft sounds that ever are abroad;—
The hum of bee, the whisp'ring of the breeze,
The rush of wings, the leap of sportive fish,
The sky's clear song, the music of the leaf,
And the melodious lapses of the rills.

He, 'mid the high, the infinite display
Of Nature, feels new inspiration seize
His quickening powers; and if he feel a pang,
'Tis at the thought, the shudd'ring thought, that soon
Of verdant scenes, reviving gales, and songs
Of the wild wood, the lays of earth and sky
At once bereav'd, he must retrace his steps
Where bloom no flowers, where every flagging air
Wafts foul contagion through the darken'd street,

And CARE triumphant all the long, long, year,
Sits on her ebon throne and laughs at Man.

Then o'er our bark, light-skimming, let the flag
Of pleasure wave, and let our summer sail
Swell with the morning gale. But ere we quit
The bosom of Hamoaze, the ling'ring eye
Dwells for a moment on the prospects near
The HOME we prize so much. O still we turn
Unto that sacred spot with such delight,
Such aching fondness, that no charm on Earth
May separate us long! How strong the power
Of LOCAL SYMPATHY—the potent charm
Which binds Man to his darling HOME! and he
Who values not the leafiness that waves,
The stream that flows above, around, his cot,
And to whose view the limner, Fancy, paints
No flatt'ring picture of his native hills,
Is to his nature's noblest feelings lost.

But 'tis *not* LOCAL PREJUDICE that prompts
The lay, when EDGCUMBE is the inspiring theme!

Affection for one valued, honor'd, nook
Of Earth, where haply first the light of day
Broke on our infant eyes, or where our cot
Uprises, render'd precious by long years
Of residence, may throw illusive grace
Upon the hills, the vales, the woods, the streams
That do encircle it,—but *thou* hast charms
Enchanting mount, which not the LOCAL LOVE
Too highly values, or the genial West
*Alone enamour'd views, for thou art own'd

*On the 3rd, (Feb. 1816,) Galway Tudor, and myself, went on shore to see the beautiful seat of Earl Mount Edgcumbe. The prospect from the highest hill has greater variety, and is more beautiful *than any I had seen in England.* The great number of limestone cliffs, projecting in groups into the sea; the numerous bays, the two rivers that empty themselves into the harbour, the three towns of Plymouth, Plymouth-Dock, and Stonehouse, the great number of ships of commerce and of war, the hills of Mount Edgcumbe covered with wood, and all this comprehended in one view, forms a most striking, lively, and picturesque landscape.

Professor Smith's Journal of his Voyage to Congo, with Captain Tuckey.

Mount Edgcumbe stands on an extensive base; it rises and projects like a promontory, forming the western boundary of Plymouth Roads, Its sides are majestically shaded by some beautiful old plantations, and its summit commands one of the finest prospects England presents.

Supreme in loveliness in this our isle,
Profusely teeming with unrivall'd scenes!

Thine is the monarch oak, the sturdy growth
Of ages, long triumphant o'er decay,
And thine the venerable elm that loves,
Of old, to stand in stately row. Around
The chesnut throws its amplitude of shade,
And many a brave exotic too exults
In soil and clime all-fav'ring as its own.

On the east, the spectator beholds, as if beneath his feet, the road and the vessels lying at anchor. The long narrow line formed by the town of Stonehouse, is distinctly marked; in front rise the citadel, and insulated barracks of the Royal Marines; and in the rear, the magnificent naval and ordnance hospitals. Further to the left, the Hamoaze sends off numerous and deep ramifications from both its banks, as the trunk of a vigorous tree shoots forth its branches in all directions. Along an extent of upwards of four miles, its principal course is filled by vessels, frigates, and smaller ships of war; some entirely dismantled, others rigged, fully equipped, and ready to join any sudden expedition, at a moment's warning. Finally, to crown this magnificent picture, the plains, hills, and high mountains of Devon and Cornwall, form on the east, north, and west, an immense amphitheatre of fields, meadows, heaths, forests, and rocks. The two extremities of this amphitheatre, extend gradually to the ocean, the immense surface of which, presents no resting point to the eye, except Eddystone Light-house.

DUPIN.

Thine the grand CEDAR of enormous bough
And trunk stupendous,—scarcely Libanus
Outvies the giant stranger; by its side
Upshoots the sable CORK. The forest teems
With forms of majesty and beauty; some
As the light poplar bend with every sigh
Of Zephyr, and some scarcely bend their heads
For very mightiness, when wintry storms
Are maddening the seas!

O when the breath
Of Spring is on thy renovated hill,
When all the buds are leaping into leaf,
And the broad sheets of early foliage clothe
Anew, thy waste of bough, delicious 'tis
To look on thy peninsula. When rests
The beam of Summer on thy pomp of woods,
Grove over grove ascending from the edge
Of the brown cliff, to where the wild van lifts
Its crown of pines, and all, impressively,
Rest at high noon beneath the bright serene,—
Breezeless the land, waveless the circling sea,

Above all green and glowing, all below
Blue with that girdle of the Atlantic—blue
And studded o'er with diamonds which the Sun
Has sprinkled on it, every stranger eye
Brightens with extacy!

But when the gale
Of solemn Autumn moans around thy hill,
In strange, and hollow, and prophetic gusts,
When all the glory of the Summer day
Departed, touching hues adorn thy woods,—
Umber, and gold, and purple, and the green
Which lingers yet,—O where has Earth a scene
So beautiful?

The ever-shifting VIEW
Is thine, and as he saunters through thy glades,
The charm'd spectator sees, at every step,
New combinations rise. Descried from far,
Straying between his headlands, TAMAR rolls
His sinuous course 'mid foliage, flowers, and songs,
Until he mingles with the azure Sound,

The reservoir of rivers. Silv'ry bays
Are seen where commerce lifts the peaceful sail,
Or where the war-barks rise; the indented coast
Frowns with wave breasting rocks, nor does the eye
Forget the proud display of bustling towns
And busy arsenals, and cliffs high crowned
With pealing batteries, and flags that wave
In the fresh Ocean gale, but glances off
With more delight to mark the rural reign,—
The leaf-envelop'd mansion on the hill,
Looking into the broad-ey'd South; the cots—
Sweet cots that love the shade, the village spire
Uprushing through the trees,—a vast display
Of loveliest objects, widely scatter'd o'er
The bold and billowy landscape,—ever cross'd
By those warm hedge-rows which make England seem
A region of fair gardens.

DARTMOOR rears
In the dim distance his cloud-cover'd head,
With granite girdle sweeping nearly round
The varied map, until he plants his foot
Sublimely in the loud Atlantic wave.

But who that climbs the brow sublime, and thence
Surveys the dread immensity of sea,
Wild heaving often here, and seldom lull'd
To deep tranquillity, e'en by the hush
Of Summer, feels not pleasure, wonder, awe
Alternate, as in breeze, or gale, or storm,
He gazes on its bosom! On the waste
Of waters, rolling from the birth of Time,
The great and fathomless Ocean, swathing round,
As with a girdle, this stupendous Earth,
The eye would dwell for ever! Every shore
The wave of Ocean visits. On it roams
Through the bright burning zone where ardent gales
Cool their scorch'd pinions in it. Indian airs
From bowers of bliss, waft o'er its smiling face
Perfumes of Paradise, and round the poles,
Startling the eternal solitudes of snow,
The restless wanderer howls!

And with a voice
Loud as the thunder peal, it wildly bursts
Upon thee, Edgcumbe, when the dark South West
Is battling with it; but when gentle airs

Have calm'd the angry deep, and on its face
The ships again are sporting, soothing 'tis
To listen to the moan of Ocean, as
It kisses the smooth beach, or wantonly
Plays in the echoing cliffs. From MAKER'S HEIGHTS
Beheld, how often have Britannia's fleets
Swept on their trackless course. A noble scene
It was to mark them on their billowy path,
Wing'd by the fav'ring gale, while every ship
Pointed her emulous canvas to the breeze,
In eager controversy which should win
The wat'ry race, and at the eventful goal
Be first! The foes of Albion were abroad,
Were on the salt wave, and no other flag
Must float o'er Ocean but the unconquer'd Cross
So known, so dreaded! Many a time those hills
Have heard the shouts of Victory upswell
From the returning heroes—many a time
The applauding cheers of Englishmen have peal'd
Around the conqueror's ears the WELCOME HOME!

The Austral breezes blow, our sails are fill'd,
And rapidly the tranquil *THANCKES recedes.
With what a soft retiring air it steals
From the rude world, scarce conscious of the "roar
That Babel sends through all her gates." 'Tis sweet
So near that world to be, and yet to rest
In stillness deep amid the friendly shades
Where virtue loves to dwell. Thy hero lives
No more, fair THANCKES,—the tomb has cover'd him,
Illustrious GRAVES, who, when the impetuous foe,
Deeming himself invincible at sea,
As on the blood-stain'd land, rush'd madly on,
Check'd his vain glorious course, and in the crown,
The naval crown of England, plac'd the gem
Of †EARLY WELCOME VICTORY.

* The seat of Lady Graves.

† The victory of the 1st of June, 1794, was opportunely achieved. The French, elated by their conquests on land, anticipated similar triumphs in the event of meeting the fleet of England at sea. The continent awaited with anxiety the issue of the conflict, and the decisive result of the first great engagement, destroyed the charm of French

We glide
Through lines of stately ships, and as we pass
The tale goes quickly round of glories past,
Of battles won on the great sea, of chiefs
Whose daring flags triumphantly were borne
By this or that fam'd vessel. Noiseless now
Is each forsaken structure, save when sounds
The listless keeper's foot; nought else invades
The deep impressive silence of those decks,
Where lately trod a thousand gallant men!

The alternate tide now plays around their bows
In gentle leapings, yet the time has been,
When their staunch ribs succumb'd beneath the weight

invincibility. For his spirited services on this occasion, admiral Graves was created a peer of Ireland, by the title of lord Graves, baron Graves of Gravesend, in the county of Londonderry. He was also rewarded with a gold chain and medal, and a pension of £1000. per annum. The following year he was raised to the rank of admiral of the white, but on account of a wound received on the 1st of June, and his advanced age, he never accepted of any subsequent command. His lordship died in 1801, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, having spent more than fifty years of his life, in the almost uninterrupted service of his country.

Of mighty Ocean surges. In these ships
So solitary now, a glorious band
Of Island Mariners have girt the globe,
Have plough'd all seas with their advent'rous keels,
Unaw'd, or by the battle or the storm,
And have achiev'd such wonders as may claim
The foremost rank in History's glowing page,
And sink the Roman in the British name!

His glorious car the king of day impels
Through the refulgent Heav'n, and Nature hails
With one accord his presence; but the lark,
The only bird that in the fields of light
Sings his clear anthem to the source of day,
With liveliest devotion pours his strains.
The woodlands swell with harmony, and Man,
Proud Man himself rejoices in the ray,
And breathes more freely, and delights to roam
Beneath the gladdening beam. E'en we who skim
To day, the river's bosom—we evince
By cheerfulness enthroned on the brow,
And clearly seen, the mighty influence

Of the broad-beaming sunshine. Who can feel
The inspiring glance of Heav'n upon his cheek,
And hear the melodies of morn, and breathe
The essenc'd gales, and view the smiling hills
And laughing vales, and not rejoice, and bid
The officious world and all its woes retire,
Aud not disturb him now? Refreshing 'tis,
Health in the cheek, contentment in the soul,
On day so bright as this, with friends so dear,
To hold a joyous holiday; to see
Eyes glist'ning with supreme delight, to hear
Indulging in the tale, the anecdote,
Close argument, or friendly repartee,
The well-known, welcome voice of those we love,
Who like ourselves have stolen from the world,
And for one day, at least, have banish'd Care!

Flown is the hour of triumph! Hamoaze lifts,
Still lifts its flag, wild streaming in the gale,
But all the gallant shew of War is pass'd,
Unheard the "note of preparation" now;
How silent where so late equipping fleets

Sent up the incessant din! The deaf'ning shouts
Of conq'ring crews are heard no more, the gun
Peals not, save that which roughly greets the morn,
Or bids the sinking Sun, Farewell;—the sounds
Roll on the echoing gale, a moment roll,
Startling the tranquil bay, and all is—PEACE.

But or in Peace or War there is no pause
To the huge labours of that Arsenal
Whose foot the TAMAR laves. There Science lays
The solid keel, and on it rears a frame
Enduring, beautiful, magnificent. The woods
Of Europe, Asia, Africa devote
Their mightiest foliage to form the vast—
The thunder-bearing structure, 'till, at last,
By thousand hands prepar'd, the *Finish'd Ship*
Is ready for the impressive LAUNCH. The day
Arrives, the Atlantic tide is swelling high
To place her on its bosom. O'er her decks
The streamers wave all-gallantly, around
Enliv'ning music floats, while myriads croud
Where the bold vessel on her rapid plane

Sits proudly. Hark, the intrepid artisans
Remove her last supports;—a breathless pause
Holds the vast multitude;—a moment, she
Remains upon her slope,—then starts,—and now
Rushing sublimely to the flashing deep,
Amid the shouts of thousands she descends,
Then rises bouyantly, a graceful pile,
To float supinely on the blue HAMOAZE,
Till England the wing'd miracle shall send,
To bear her dreaded banner round the globe.

Welcome, ye smiling scenes on either hand,
In quick succession rising, fair as new.
Welcome the breezy hill, the valley warm,
The bay with hamlets edg'd, the sinuous creek
Winding to such a spot as *WESTON, rocks
Beetling o'er fearful depths, the level shore

* The village of Weston Mill is seated at the head of a small inlet of the Tamar, environed by hills, which surround it like an amphitheatre,

"From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade."

The Turnpike House, with a small bridge thrown across the river; the mill, and the stream which supplies it; in short, all the circum-

Where Tamar oft within the green domain
Intrudes, and many a promontory bold
Darting into the flood. Our bark is wing'd
By fleet, auspicious gales, there is no time
To dwell upon your charms. Upon the view
Ye rise like those enchanting images
Which bless the Poet's dream; ye fill the eye
With beauty and then mock our vision. Swift
Ye fly as human pleasures do,—beheld,
Lov'd, lost! Broad glitt'ring to the Sun
His tributary course the Lynher leads
Between his headlands green. That sweep of wood
With which luxuriant *ANTHONY bedecks
The southern bank, seems gracefully to spring
E'en from the shadowy wave, where mimic groves
Display their answ'ring foliage. Breasting there
The swelling tide, that lonely †island mark,

stances connected with this sweet spot, are so happily disposed, that in almost every point of view, whether from the road, or the sides of the hills, they form a beautiful combination.

Picturesque Excursions, by H. I. Johns, Esq.

* The delightful seat of the Right Honorable Reginald Pole Carew.

† Beggar's Island.

Seldom by human foot impress'd. Around
The surge is moaning, or the sea-bird screams,
All noiseless else is that deserted spot,
Yet pleasing, fixing, interesting still,
By mere association with the charms
Which dwell so near it. 'Tis a well-plac'd foil
Upon the cheek of beauty! Either shore
Presents its combinations to the view
Of all that interests, delights, enchants;—
Corn-waving fields, and pastures green, and slope
And swell alternate, summits crown'd with leaf,
And grove encircled mansions, verdant capes,
The beach, the inn, the farm, the mill, the path,
And tinkling rivulets, and waters wide
Presenting here the semblance of a lake,
There, winding round some unexpected point,
Now shut, now open. Nor is wanting oft
Dotting the sun-bright flood, the varying sail
Of barge, or fisher-bark, or painted skiff
Of joyous voyagers.

The awful spoils
Of ages, mould'ring o'er her ample breadth,
The ruins of a thousand fitful years,
England displays to him who loves to muse
Amid those drear memorials. On the brow
Of yon commanding eminence, appear
Thy relics, TREMATON!—enough remains
Wreck of baronial pride, and pow'r, and pomp,
Of thee, to tell the traveller how great,
How haughty, how magnific once!—alas,
To tell him, too, on what a basis Man
Builds his delusive hopes! The day is gone
When rampant o'er thy proud begirting walls
Floated the war-defying banner, high,
And to the foeman ominous, it streamed
O'er thee, and thy departed steel-clad hosts!
Those hosts, no more shall stern Ambition's voice,
The pulse of conflict, and the blast of Fame
Awake,—dull silence is upon them all!
The fathomless obscurity of Fate

Envelopes them as they had never been!
It is the triumph of resistless Time,
Man and his labours must submit to him!
He throws the column from its solid base!
He saps e'en now thy withering remains,
Majestic TREMATON, and 'till the hour,
When he exulting, on the ground shall dash
Thy walls, now trembling to the western gale,
He clothes them with his spirit-chilling green,
His dark and fav'rite IVY, cheerless plant,
SACRED TO DESOLATION!

Ere we pass
Thy mouth auxiliar Lynher, we may pause
Awhile, to mark how smooth a Summer flood
May be, that Winter's irresistless gale
Lashes to madness. When the leafless groves
Of Anthony are tossing in the storm,
Here where the sister streams are ming'ling, here
Wild uproar holds dominion. Now the swan
On the meek confluence might float, nor feel
A gentle undulation.

Far away
O'er the bright beaming South that toiling *hill
Commands unrivall'd prospect. Tamar too,
From its fam'd †mount, looks over scenes sublime
And fair, as this our matchless England holds,
Within her world of beauty! Now we leave
The broad blue harbour, and ‡SALTASH appears
Beheld with interest, for though the hand
Of boastful, spruce, and calculating Art
Has here no level and right-angled streets,
And traces here no long unbroken lines

* Ward, the seat of Henry Harrison, esq. is situated on the ridge of this hill.

† Mount Tamar, the seat of the late captain Sir Thomas Byard, well known for the distinguished part he sustained in lord Duncan's memorable engagement with the Dutch off Camperdown, stands on the brow of an acclivity adjacent to King's Tamerton, and commands a fine view of the adjacent country; the prospect however, is seen to greater advantage from some broken ground which rises rather to the eastward of the house. Here, after toiling up the long ascent from Weston Mill, in which curiosity is excited by partial disclosures, a most magnificent prospect presents itself, composed indeed of very dissimilar parts, but admirably combined, so as to form a perfect whole.

Excursions by H. I. Johns, Esq.

‡ Saltash has long been, and it still continues to be the favorite resort of many of our gallant naval officers.

Of buildings uniform, there is a charm
In thy irregular rush adown the hill,
Saltash, and the continued dotting of thy slope
With gardens which the hand of Leisure forms,
Abodes of flowers and fruitage, where Repose,
Fit recompence for years of honour'd toil,
Waits on the sons of Ocean. But the tide
With force impetuous whirls us swiftly on,
Farewell, 'till Eve. On high *St. Bude displays
Its weather beaten tower, a mark for all
The winds of heaven. The wint'ry moorland storm
Shrieks wildly round it, but when gentle Spring,

* The parish church of St. Budeaux stood originally at the distance of a mile from its present site, in a very unhealthy situation near the water's edge; but in the beginning of the fourteenth century, the whole fabric was taken down, and rebuilt with the same materials, on the spot where it now stands. The expence of this laudable undertaking was defrayed solely by Robert Budokshed, esq. who resided at the mansion house of that name, in the parish of St. Budeaux. By a seeming fatality, his own daughter, who died shortly after, was the first person whose remains were deposited within the precincts of the new pile; a circumstance which, at that dark period, no doubt, excited many pious and superstitious conjectures.

For a detailed account of the family of Budokshed, read Prince's "Worthies of Devon."

Calming the elemental strife, has kiss'd
The airy brow and sprinkled it with flowers.
And Budshed clad with leaf, let him who loves
To see the rural and the grand combin'd
In one vast view, stand near the tower of Bude.

* Survey'd from that high stand, the Tamar seems
Enclasp'd by the green hills! the prying eye
Discovers no peninsula, no point
Round which he winds, but an apparent lake
Spreads its broad mirror. Here the varied bank
Rushes abruptly to the tranquil flood,

* Leaving this diversified prospect in the rear, (the view from Mount Tamar,) a new scene suddenly bursts on the sight, so instantaneous in its disclosure, and so different from the preceding, that it appears to be the work of enchantment. The Tamar, still a principal object, here resigns its channel-like aspect, and, apparently environed by the surrounding hills, assumes the character of a lake, presenting a wide expanse of water, where all the vestiges of the harbour, and indeed every characteristic of the former view are lost.

This scene, though unlike the preceding, is however equally beautiful. An air of simple grandeur pervades the whole, and every object tends to inspire the most soothing tranquillity. The field adjoining the western side of the church-yard, is the spot from which this glorious view is seen to the greatest advantage.

Picturesque Excursions, by H. I. Johns, Esq.

And now there hand of cultivation leads
The plough e'en to the brown and level beach.
Far as the glance can reach, rich cultur'd fields
Diffusive stretch, with yellow harvests crown'd,
And bless'd with herbage for the snowy flocks
Wide scatter'd, or recumbent on the plain,
Or cropping the luxuriant hills. The trees
Thick cluster near the village spires, and oft
Display where Wealth within his summer-bower
Reposes. Soft the landscape melts away
Into the billowy distance, where the eye
Resting upon the shadowy moor, discerns
HENGESTON with head majestic, looking down
On distant towns and hamlets, fertile vales,
Hills, lawns, and woods, and streams—a map immense.

The tide swift flowing, fills yon spacious bay,
And spreads a sheet deceptive, broad but scant;
The fields that lie beyond it freshly wave
Their seas of verdure. *MODITON appears

* Moditonham is a delightful residence, and owes all its modern beauties to the spirited liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter. The house is

Deep seated in the foliage of the hill,
And rising o'er the wood-cloth'd creek which winds
A course perplex'd, yet pleasant to its foot.
Above it, on the midway slope, the tower
Of BOTUSFLEMING rises. Who loves not
At happy distance, to discover thus
The house of God uplift its ancient walls,
Wreath'd in the verdant honours of the year?
Within that sacred fane have race on race,
The children of the upland and the dale,
Devoutly worshipp'd;—and beneath the mounds,
The grassy mounds which stud the village-yard
Withdrawn to rest, at last. O'er some of these
The flight of centuries has pass'd, alas,
Above the wept remains of others, yet

a handsome freestone building; its interior is well finished, and fitted up in a superior style of elegance. The paintings are not numerous but valuable; the excellence and variety of the drawings are perhaps rarely exceeded in a country residence, and for many of these beautiful productions, Moditonham is indebted to the genius of Mrs Carpenter, whose love of the fine arts is exceeded only by her unremitting attention to the comforts of the indigent, and to the happiness of her family and friends.

Gilbert's "History of Cornwall."

The fresh-rear'd hillock waves not in the wind
Its friendly robe of green.

Upon the strand,
The low and level strand, not far remov'd
From the blue edge of the usurping flood,
Is seen the church of LANDULPH. Oft at eve,
The voyager that skirts thy peaceful strand,
Listens thy cheerful bells that fling a peal
Of melody upon his ear. The tones
Of changeful village bells are ever heard
With pleasure, but in spot so sweet as this,
Are heard with deep emotion. Landulph holds
The ashes of a *CONSTANTINE. Depriv'd
By sternest fate of sublunary power,

* A mural monument fixed near the altar, and composed solely of brass, bears the following inscription:—

"Here lyeth the body of Theodore Paleologus,
of Pesaro, in Italy, descended from
ye imperyal lyne of ye late Christian emperors of Greece,
being the sonne of Camillo, ye sonne of Prosper, ye sonne of
Theodoro, ye sonne of John, ye sonne of Thomas,

Bereav'd of shadowy greatness, here he rests
Softly as his imperial ancestors!
Thrice happy man, well snatch'd from all the cares
And crimes which do besiege a throne, he liv'd
Unhonor'd as a prince; but haply not
Unwept by that unbought and gen'rous tear
Which flows for private virtue, met his doom,
And slept with common dust;—*with common dust?*
The haughtiest of the Cæsars was but great,
As he excell'd his fellow men in all,

second brother of Constantine Paleologus,
the 8th of that name, and last of yt lyne yt rayned in Constantinople,
until subdued by the Turks;
who married wt Mary, ye daughter of William Balls, of
Hadlye, in Souffolke, gent. and had issue 5 children;
Theodoro, John, Ferdinando, Maria and Dorothy,
and departed this lyfe at Clyfton, ye 21st of Jan. 1636."

The vault below this monument having been opened about twenty years ago, a single oak coffin was discovered, which on lifting the lid, was found to contain the body of Paleologus, in so perfect a state, that the features were clearly distinguishable. He appeared to be above the common height, the countenance of an oval form, with an aquiline nose, and he had a white beard of considerable length. The parish register of Landulph being imperfect from the year 1628, to that of 1649, has unfortunately left a great degree of uncertainty with respect

That might "become a man;" and many fill'd
The *eastern and the western throne, who sank
In vice as far below the vulgar herd,
And of those too the vilest of the vile,
As grov'ling, sordid, monstrous lusts could sink
The noble form and noble mind of Man!

As some majestic tree which Sun and shower
For centuries have cherish'd, proudly darts
From trunk immense, its vigorous branches forth,
So Tamar spreads his hundred silver arms
Among the meads, indenting all his banks,
With his capacious inlets. Pass we not
That creek, leaf shaded, on our left, which leads

to Paleologus and his family. The Rev. R. Polwhele, conjectures that he died at Clifton, while visiting Sir Nicholas Lower; be this as it may, it does not appear that he ever possessed the manor of Clifton, or any other estates in this parish.

A pamphlet has been published by the Rev. F.V.J. Arundell, F.A.S. rector of Landulph, on this interesting subject. It is entitled "Observations on a Monumental Inscription in the Church of Landulph, Cornwall." This work was read before the Antiquarian Society, January 12th, 1815.

Gilbert's "History of Cornwall."

* Of Constantinople and Rome.

The voyager to TAMERTON's still vale
And beautiful, without a passing tear
To *him who lov'd it, and who rear'd his bower,—
His classic bower so near it. Gentle bard
Whom Genius, Talent, Virtue yet deplore,
Long be thy memory rever'd; and oft
As the last beam of Evening gilds the west,
With pensive step may Plymouth's sorrowing sons
Be lingering found, where in thy †honor'd tomb,
Thou sleep'st,—sweet Poet of the ‡"Summer's Eve."

* Mr. Bidlake: "His poetry is remarkable for tenderness of sentiment and chaste imagery, and his similies, always appropriate, and generally beautiful, have been justly admired.

† "'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,
Tho' high as our ambition;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
Give life to the ashes of a man,
But verses only. * *
* * * *
Poets by death are conquer'd, but the wit
Of poets triumph over it,
What cannot verse?" COWLEY.

‡ "Rural scenery forms the principal subject of the 'Summer's Eve', and in this poem he far surpassed his other poetic effusions."

And thou, in Tamerton's secluded vale
Reclin'd in classic ease, ah HOWARD, why
Remains thy harp so silent? Bid it ring
Symphonious, as of erst when BICKLEIGH claim'd
The raptur'd strain, and on our list'ning ears
Pour the soft rural lay, or with a sweep
Sublime, enchant us with heroic deed.

Glitt'ring beneath the morning's potent ray,
See TAVY roll his unassuming stream,
Almost unknown to Fame, and yet the shores
Of Tavy lack not aught that may enchant
The eye of him who, in the summer hour,
Delights to steer his bark where Nature spreads
Her fairest pastures, and bestrews her flowers
With hand unsparing. He may wind his way
When darts the beam of noon upon his head,
And find a refuge in the friendly gloom
Of high umbrageous cliffs. The clamorous voice
Of commerce will not reach him there! no sounds
Break on the deep tranquillity but those
Which from the woodland melodists arise,

The thrilling lays of liberty and love.
Nor let him, as he glides where Tavy meets
The pastoral Tamar, pass unconscious on;
For almost hidden in embowering groves
That edge the rocky bank, the ancient house
Of *Warleigh rises. Not envelop'd thus,
But seen at once with all its pomp of trees,
Clustering above it, †Maristowe appears
On the blue margin of the tranquil flood,
And, far beyond, the bleak and rugged tors
Of Dartmoor rise sublimely. Waste immense,
Where silence and sterility abide,
In stern alliance, through the changing year!

* Warleigh, in the time of king Stephen, was the principal residence of the ancient family of Foliat, who owned the manor of Tamerton. From the Foliats it passed by different intermarriages, to the Copplestones, from whom, by marriage also, it has become the property of the Radcliffes. The mansion is beautifully situated near the junction of the Tavy with the Tamar, and the grounds are extremely pleasant.

† Maristowe, on the eastern bank of the river Tavy, is a seat of considerable beauty, now the property of Manasseh Lopes, esq. who purchased it for £65,000, of the daughters and coheiresses of the late Mr. Haywood. The inequality of the grounds, windings of the Tavy, and rich hanging woods, which characterize this demesne, present many highly picturesque and beautiful views.

The beam of ardent summer scarcely cools
Its mountain breeze, and when the snowy crown
Of Winter, caps the Alps of Devon, drear
Is all that moorland region. Heav'n may help
The erring traveller there, when fiercely drive
The snows around his path, for Man is far
From him, in that dread hour. More lovely seem
Such scenes as spread round TAVY, when a glimpse
Dartmoor, of thee, frowns in the shadowy rear
That bounds the varied view, and yet thou art
The fruitful mother of fresh flowing streams,
And rivers darting swiftly from thy sides,
At first, rude rolling o'er their granite beds,
Till in the warm and flow'ry dales they give
Beauty to all the glowing scenery,—give
As they wind on their cool translucent course,
To Devon half her landscapes' matchless charms.

But see where erst luxuriant harvests rose,
And sheets of verdure roll'd, *vile rubbish meets

* At Bere Alston: this, though only a mean inconsiderable hamlet in the parish of Bere Ferris, has the privilege of returning two members

The eye disgusted. How the thirst of gain
Drags from the bowels of our mother Earth,
The unsightly masses, strewing them where once
Wav'd the gay woods, or babbled the soft brooks!
And where the blossoming orchard bless'd the view,
Tremendous *ARSENIC its fatal fumes
Has breath'd, and vegetative life has ceas'd,
And desolation reigns! With dauntless hand
Deep into realms of gloom the miner cuts

to parliament. "Beare" says Risdon "was bestowed by William the Conqueror on a branch budded out of the house of Alencon, in France, and corruptly continueth the name to this day in Bere-Alson."

There were formerly smelting-houses here, and the deleterious effects of the fumes proceeding from them, were very speedily visible on the surrounding country. "Nothing can be more hostile to the beauties of nature, than the processes of mining. Its first step is to level the little wood with which she may have garnished the spots where she has concealed her ores. It then penetrates into the earth, and covers the neighbouring soil with unproductive rubbish. It proceeds to poison the brooks around with mineral impregnations, spreads far and wide the sulphureous smoke of its smelting-houses, blasts vegetation with destructive vapours, and obscures the atmosphere with the infernal fumes of arsenic and sulphur."

* "So dreadfully deleterious," says the humane and enlightened Maton, "are the fumes of arsenic constantly impregnating the air of those places, (smelting-houses) and so profuse is the perspiration occasioned by

His desperate way. Mephitic vapours hang
Around the bold adventurer, and pale
*CONSUMPTION threatens, still he works, and rears
His subterranean galleries, and oft,
Pursuing to the very jaws of Death
The all-attractive LODE, he hears above,
Appalling sound, the eternal Ocean howl!

Swiftly the shores recede, for in the tide
Our helmsman keeps his course, and now a gale
Propitious swells the sail. Thrice happy he

the heat of the furnaces, that those who have been employed at them but a few months, become most emaciated figures, and in the course of a few years, are generally laid in their graves.

* Mr. Polwhele says that more than one half the mining population falls a sacrifice to consumption, which is brought on by working in the damps.

Buckland Abbey, or Place, a seat of lord Heathfield, is situated on the eastern bank of the river Tavy. Here was formerly a monastery of Cistercians, founded in 1278, by Amicia, wife of Baldwin de Rivers, earl of Devon. About one mile north-east from the Abbey, is the village of Buckland Monachorum. Within the walls of the church are deposited the remains of some of the Heathfields and Drakes. At the east end of the north aisle is a very handsome monument, to the memory of the illustrious lord Heathfield, the immortal defender of Gibraltar.

Who, in LIFE's voyage, thus has always met
With clear indulgent heav'ns, with fav'ring winds
Hope breathing ever, and propelling tides;
And steers him, smoothly, to the port of Death,
With pleasing recollections of the past,
And rapt'rous visions of the future. Wise
Are all thy ways, though dark, eternal God;
Thou treadest in a path the vulture's eye
Has not beheld! How many who deserve,
In Man's imperfect view, a worthier fate,
Are doom'd to wander on a stormy main,
Through the long day, and doubtful dreary night,
Uncheer'd by sun, or moon, or friendly star!
'Till, after many an effort brave, they sink
Worn, spent, unnerv'd, despairing to the deep,
Closing, triumphant, o'er their heads at last.

Our pilot trusted not his breeze-wing'd bark
Across yon broad but all delusive sheet
Of water; often has the unwary voyager
Rush'd on the treach'rous flat! By happier helm
Directed, we the specious danger shun,

And like an arrow, lo, our pinnace darts
Through the deep channel. So should caution guide
The adventurer on the SEA of LIFE! The gales
Of pleasure, haply, waft him, and he bounds
Exultingly, upon the flatt'ring main;
Nor heeds the inexperienc'd boy the hints
Of prudence, and the counsels of the wise;
He steers impetuously through dancing waves,
And oceans of illusive bliss, till now,
Crashing upon her keel his vessel lies
A total wreck upon the undreaded reef!

"Avoid the shoal," the sacred preacher cries;
The volumes of the dead and living, ope
The monitory page, alas, in vain!
If passion hold the helm, and pleasure fill
The swelling sail, though Reason, Conscience, say
"Avoid the shoal," the voyager is lost!

Enough of sad reflection on the fate
Of many a hapless mariner that sails
The sea of human life. Nor on this hour

Which we have giv'n to pleasure, let one care
Intrusive cast a gloom. But should it come,
As come it will upon our happiest days,
O look upon the face of nature,—look
Upon this flood which with its silv'ry curve
Steals round the shooting headlands;—view the hills,
The vales, the babbling brooks which roll adown
The flow'ry dells, the sky, the parent Sun
Rejoicing over all, and let the hymn
Of gratitude arise. There is a song
Full hearted in the sky, a thousand lays
Within the greenwood ringing, to inspire
The drooping spirits. To the passing breeze
Then throw the grim prospective, and enjoy
Without an anxious thought the present hour.

Now round the feet of bold peninsulas,
Tamar conducts the voyager to seek
The bowers of fam'd PENTILLIE. Oft we catch
A glimpse of the thick leafage which overhangs
Its slopes abrupt, but soon the erratic flood
From bank to bank incessant winding, steals

The goodly vision. Every moment brings
Meanwhile, inspiring views of fields that roll
Their grassy seas, ere yet the conq'ring scythe
Stills the sweet undulations. Swiftly comes
The stroke of fate upon them, for the gale
Is full of odours from the new-mown meads
Where, heedless of the ray meridian, Toil
Pursues the unremitting blow that strews
Grass, flowers, and herbs, in fragrant ruin round.

From lawns smooth shaven, and from uplands gay
With waving crops, from dells and streamlets clear,
And umbrage of the breezy hill, we turn,
For see, at once bold bursting on the eye,
Pride of the stream, *PENTILLIE rears its groves.

* Pentillie Castle, the beautiful seat of John Tillie Coryton, esq. is seated on a bold knoll which rises almost perpendicularly from the navigable waters of the Tamar. The present superb structure was erected from designs by William Wilkins, esq. the builder of Downing College, Cambridge, and author of "Magna Grecia," &c. The building, which is in the Gothic style, is chiefly composed of Portland stone, and forms a most striking ornament to this part of the country. The interior is very elegantly finished, and the lobby has one of the finest painted

There is a sweet and holy transport fills
The mind, alive to Nature's matchless charms,
When thus, abruptly, she unfolds to view
Her fine associations. Beautiful
Art thou, PENTILLIE, rising o'er the flood
That round thy foot, involved as the folds
Of the sleek serpent, leads a mazy course,
As though it were a pity soon to steal
The voyager from scenes so passing fair!
All eyes are fixed upon the woods,—the woods,
And on that princely structure which they hold
Within their green embrace! How bold the bank
Of Tamar rises with its verd'rous sheet
Tree above tree uprushing! Gentlest airs
Are playing with the seas of foliage now,
And here and there clear green spots meet the glance,
Like islands scatter'd pleasantly between
The billowy leafage; and the sun
Is shining over all, the skies are blue,
And Tamar bright and placid. 'Tis a scene

windows in England. A pedestal in the quadrangle, supports a full-length statue of Sir James Tillie, in the costume of queen Anne's reign.

Might plant delight upon the brow of Care,
And make e'en Melancholy wear a smile
From luxury of feeling! 'Tis a scene
Worthy the magic of the painter's skill,
Worthy his powerful and living touch,
Whose pencil Genius has made all divine!

Sweet Tamar, if thy wand'rings ended here,—
If round the base of this enchanting spot
Were heard the murmurs of thy utmost wave,
Who that has trac'd thy playful course to day,
Would not return enraptur'd? If no more
Were yet to come of those unrivall'd views
The morning open'd;—harbours broad that bore
Britannia's floating castles, glitt'ring sheets
Of waters, often intercepted by the high
And breasting promontory; heights that look'd
Far over distant Ocean, teeming vales,
And creeks eccentric, and the frequent bay
All verdure-fring'd; and tributary streams,
With seats of opulence, deep, deep, in leaf;
And not less interesting to the heart,

Those nestling cottages which gem thy shores,
It were enough; but still thou lov'st to lead
The barge of pleasure round thy "flying shores,"
And pleas'd we follow thee, 'till, wrapp'd in shade,
We moor our bark beneath thy groves, COTEHELE.

Observe that far-fam'd tower, on which the seal
Of Time has stamp'd the holiness of age.
'Tis sacred to the dead! there *TILLIE rests!
Romantic spot! The fir waves darkly round
The pious fane, and through the changeful year

* At a small distance from the northern side of the mansion, rises a natural mount, of a conical form, planted with firs and other evergreens. The top is ornamented with a stone temple, and beneath its floor is a vault, in which Sir James Tillie, once owner of this place, ordered himself to be interred, and therein, as he piously observed, he would "wait the coming of the general resurrection." Mr. Gilpin, in his "Observations on the Scenery of the West of England," inserts the following tale:—

"Mr. Tilly, once the owner of Pentillie House, was a celebrated atheist of the last age. He was a man of wit, and had by rote all the ribaldry and common-place jests against religion and scripture, which are well suited to display pertness and folly, and to unsettle a giddy mind, but are offensive to men of sense, whatever their opinions may be, and are neither intended, nor adapted to investigate truth. The brilliancy of Mr. Tilly's wit, however, carried him a degree further

Unfading green is wreathing it. He lov d
The mount's fair breast when living, for below
The stream was ever flowing on his eye,
Was ever murm'ring on his ear. Its banks
Stole off in wanton windings, and the light
And gilded pinnace, or the sluggish barge
Heavy and brown, at intervals, was seen
Within the liquid labyrinth. Far off
The landscape stretch'd unto the moorland ridge
That kiss'd the cloud; the thrush incessant cheer'd
The bowery depth, the lark was in the sky,

than we often meet with in the annals of profaneness. In general, the witty atheist is satisfied with entertaining his contemporaries; but Mr. Tilly wished to have his sprightliness known to posterity. With this view, in ridicule of the resurrection, he obliged his executors to place his dead body, in his usual garb, and his elbow chair, upon the top of a hill, and to arrange on a table before him, bottles, glasses, pipes, and tobacco. In this situation he ordered himself to be immured in a tower, of such dimensions as he prescribed, where he proposed, he said, patiently to await the event. All this was done, and the tower, still inclosing its tenant, remains as a monument of his impiety and profaneness. The country people shudder as they go near it:

—— Religio pavidos terrebat agrestes
Dira loci:——sylvam, saxumque tremebant.

The bee was wrestling with the flow'r. And who
That spent the day of life in nook like this,
Would not with TILLIE wish when life was o'er,
In the dear spot to sleep the mortal sleep?

We steer from point to point, but still the leaf
Is all thy own Cornubia. Devon spreads
Her fields luxuriant, but reserves her store
Of rocks and groves magnificent, to cheer
The wanderer's eye hereafter. Through the reeds
With which she plants her shore, a gentle air

The interment of Sir James Tillie in this romantic spot, certainly gave rise to many ridiculous stories, to which an air of probability has been given by the narrative of Gilpin. But nothing can be more false than his account of the body having been placed in a chair, with a table before it, laid out with bottles, glasses, &c. On the contrary, the body was placed in a coffin, and deposited in a vault: and the choice of situation will not appear strange; when it is considered, that in the room above, Sir James Tillie had perhaps enjoyed the most happy hours of his life! His last will and testament has lately been examined by his heirs at Doctor's Commons, and in this document it is observable, that so far from his principles being atheistical, they breathe throughout, a disposition fraught with the utmost submission to the will of Divine Providence, and a perfect confidence in the wisdom and mercies of the Creator.

Gilbert's "History of Cornwall."

Is stealing now, and pensive murm'rings rise,
As if pale Syrinx moan'd. The Zephyr sigh'd
But for a moment, for the tyrant Sun
Scorch'd its light wings: it may not venture forth
To kiss the river's bosom. E'en the lark
Declines the glowing heav'n, the woodland choir
Are silent as at midnight, and repose
Within the shadowy glade 'till Eve shall ask
Their melodies again. If MORNING bid
Nature reviving from her rest to bless
The woodland choir with livelier song, fair Eve
Has too her dying and bewitching strains;
A magic power is her's, a nameless charm,
And rich is the repast she gives to him
Who loves amid her fairy reign to rove,
And hear the lay that bids the Sun farewell.

Ye solemn woods how pleasing 'tis to shun
On this calm flood, and find you thus at rest,
In one of Summer's most impassive moods;
When scarcely steals a vagrant air abroad,
To bend the reed, or creep among the flowers,

And Sol is high, and holds triumphant reign
Over the breezeless, noiseless earth. And yet
'Tis sweeter far when fresh'ning breezes fly
Over the earth, to be abroad, and see
The sounding forest heave its million sprays
In the commotion; and to mark the grass
O'er all the landscape roll its verd'rous seas,
Now in broad billows stooping to the sod,
Now sweeping up elastic to the beam.

O bless'd is he who in the rural reign
Listens the rustling of the wind swept blade,
The whisp'ring of the leaf, the hymn of lark,
The flow of rill, the torrent's distant roar,
The burst of matin, and of Vesper song:
And whether nature in the summer noon
Reposes deep, or sends her breezes forth,
Is ever grateful, loves her changeful face,
Prefers his peaceful cot with foliage deck'd
To all the splendid domes that grandeur rears;
And, conscious of his happiness, contemns
The specious, heartless pleasures of the town.

*Sons of the vale and mountain! did ye know
The worth of that felicity which waits
Upon a rural state, ye would not wish
A shelter other than the humble thatch
That roofs a peasant's dwelling. There are songs
To cheer you at the dawn, at eve to lull
To undisturbed repose, for Nature wakes
Her choicest strains for you. Above your heads
She waves her woods, beneath your feet she strews
Her loveliest flowers, on every gale that blows
She flings her odours. Happily remov'd
From all the discord of a jarring world,
'Tis only by report ye learn the deep

* O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint,
Agricolas! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.

* * *
* * *
* * *

———secura quies, et nescia fallere vita
Dives opum variarum, at latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque; boum, molesque; sub arbore somni
Non absunt.

VIRGIL.

And fearful havoc which Ambition makes
In courts and cities; there Tranquillity
Is evermore a stranger, but with you
Dwells through the harmonious seasons. And to crown
A lot so blissful, Heav'n has granted health,
And often length of days. Your children rise
Fair as the rose-bud, lively as the fawn
And innocent, and fresh as the wild gale
To which they bare their bosoms.

Even now,
The youthful inmates of the cottage dart
With unshod feet across the sward, and join
In the swift race; while some ascend the bough
Or line the marge of Tamar to behold
The passing pleasure bark. The race is o'er,
The bough is still, suspended every sport,
And young delight is in each eye; for now
Our minstrels have struck up a lively strain!
The dulcet flute awakes, the clarionet
Pipes loudly, and the martial drum peals deep,
With clashing cymbals joining, and the blast

Of echoing horn. The notes that rouse the brave,
Inflame the enthusiastic soul, and nerve
The arm, for deeds of daring, have disturb'd
The deep repose, and through the startled glades
Resound; but, ah! the harmonies that run
From tree to tree, when Morning asks the lay,
Are sweeter far! O when the herald lark,
Upwinging suddenly from covert green,
Shakes his dew-sprinkled wings, and gaily pours
His "elegant divisions," what has Art
Can rival the rich music of the sky?

The hardy seaman from Northumbria's loud
And restless wave, has anchored on this stream
His weather-beaten vessel. He, no more,
Or shriek of winds, or howl of Ocean hears,
And for the mountain surge that capp'd his mast
So late, he has a plume of graceful boughs
O'er his unwav'ring vane. No impulse lifts
The leaf which with unusual concord wreathes
The dark and storm-worn shrouds. The mariner
Who paces listlessly the sounding deck,

Looks on the woods above, the floods below;
And, haply, as he thinks upon the past,
And ponders on the future, o'er his mind
The futile wish is fleeting that he might,
All dangers past, find in the eve of life
Bowers of delight, and moments soft as these.

In yonder fields where blythe the lambkins play,
And the brown herds of Devon crop the rich
And juicy herbage; just beneath that clump
Of trees, still beautiful though ancient, stood
The mansion of Honestus. He had thriv'n
By dauntless industry, for he had borne
Unshrinking, summer's heat and winter's cold
Through half a century; and as he sank
From life's meridian, gratefully he look'd
Upon the past, and in the future saw
Visions of happiness. He deem'd that age,
If Providence should bid the hand of Time
Shed silver o'er his brow, would kindly come,
As a warm welcome ray on arctic climes,
And find him circled by a happy group

Of duteous children. But of those who bloom'd
Like "olive branches" round his table, one
Lay nearest to his heart; and who can blame
The yielding parent, for Eliza was
His *only* daughter, and the last that rose
Of all his race, to hail him by the dear
And sacred name of father. Every glance
Reminded him of her who in the hour
Which gave Eliza birth, escap'd the throes
Of poor mortality, and left him here
Heart-stricken, but submissive to the hand
That had dissolved their union. Faultless was
The maiden in his sight, and she in truth
By soft obedience and unfeigned love,
Repaid his tenderness. Each day pass'd on
Smooth as a summer sea. The parent look'd
At life's horizon and beheld it clear,
Nor dream'd of gathering storms; he ventur'd much,
Too much of Hope on the frail bark, and, ah!
The wreck was total!

Fairest of the fair,
'Mid Devon's maids she long unenvied mov'd;

For meekness, modesty, disarm'd the shafts
Of Envy, and the breath of Slander, yet,
Envenom'd, had not reach'd her. Thus she reign'd,
Unconscious of her empire, though as fair
As she who at her feet in silken chains
The conq'ring Julius held, and laid a spell
On the voluptuous Antony; or she
Who wav'd Love's cresset from the Sestian tower.
And long the social circle's pride and grace, the light
Of her fond father's eye, the maid had liv'd,
But that in evil hour a villain stole
On the domestic heaven; and with the guile
Of the old serpent and success as vile,
Destroyed a paradise below!

There are
Who boast of deeds it should be death to do;
Who glide into a sacred Home, and steal
A virgin treasure thence, and vainly prate
Of such achievements! Them the last wild cry
Of the deserted maid, the mother's shriek,
The father's agonizing sigh affect not; they
Are pleasure's votaries, and round the land

Prowl like fell wolves, and on the human feast
Batten luxuriously! Of these, well skill'd
In arts seductive, with a face as fair
As Hylas', was Eugenio. From the camp
He saunter'd where the hapless virgin stray'd
Through Devon's flowery vales. Surpriz'd to find
Such loveliness among the shades, his eye
Beam'd with licentious hope, and soon his suit
The raptur'd youth preferr'd. He told his tale,
Vow'd, flatter'd, sigh'd, and oft at Beauty's knee
The gaudy, guileful traitor bow'd;—and bow'd
To conquer, for the invaluable prize
He won;—Eugenio triumph'd.

From her home
He lur'd his victim, but her native bower,
Slave as she was to love, she could not leave
Without emotions which had well nigh snapp'd
The chains of Passion. As she trembling hung
On him who with endearments fond as false,
Still urg'd her onward, and the shades of Eve
Fell deeply round her;—at the last, last, look

Dimm'd by affection's tear she homeward threw,
Her senses reel'd; but to his purpose true
The staunch seducer bore her to his bark,
And silently adown the moonlight stream
The breeze-wing'd vessel glided.

On the ear
Of the confiding father, peal'd the news
Of his Eliza's flight; and from that hour
No smile pass'd over his wan cheek. His sons
"Rose up to comfort him," vain aid! he stood
As if in this wide world he were alone!
Like the old patriarch he shunn'd relief
And spurn'd at consolation. Yet his eye
Wept not: intensity of sorrow dried
Heart-easing tears, and in his bosom he
Nourish'd his griefs, 'till in the tomb was laid
That broken-hearted man!

The tidings reach'd
The hapless exile;—reach'd her too when she
Had found on what a reed that woman leans

Who trusts a lover's promise when he seeks
To snatch her from a parent's shelt'ring arm,
And watchful guardian eye. And now her cup
Of misery was full. Poor wanderer, she
Was but ill-form'd the buffetings to brave
Of stern adversity. As droops the bud
Before the withering blast, from day to day
She pin'd, unable to withstand the gale
Which smote her youth; and, far from home, unsooth'd,
Unwept, a pilgrim in a stranger land,
She bow'd her head upon the grave's cold breast,
And rested on the bosom of a friend!

Ye giant oaks with years and honours crown'd!
Ye tow'ring elms, and chesnuts vast that throw
The bough immense, involving all beneath
In almost midnight gloom!—ye foresters,
Majestically rising round the pile
Of ancient, proud *Cothele! O who can look

* Cothele, a seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, had in former times, owners of the same name, which ended at last, in Hilaria, (daughter of William de Cothele, knt.) who

Upon you, thus array'd in summer pride,
And not associate with the noble scene
The tales of other days! The visions rise
Of centuries long flown; and fancy sees
Bold chiefs who made the merry wild-wood ring
With hound and horn, or at the trumpet's call
Loos'd their bold banner to the breeze. Within
The leafy glades, she eyes the belles of old
With knightly train attendant. Pass'd are all
The glories of Cothele; for time has laid,
Full low, the brow of chivalry, and dimm'd
The glance of lady's eye. The grave has op'd
Its jaws for race on race of brave and fair,
And they are vanish'd,—vanish'd with the bower
Which then hung o'er them; for, like feeble Man,

carried this manor, and many other lands, in marriage to William de Edgcumbe, in the reign of Edward III.

The present house was evidently erected about the time of Henry VII. The wooded grounds which surround it are of the grandest description, particularly at that part which is situated between the mansion and the river. This romantic space is crowded with oaks and Spanish chesnuts of an immense size. "We thought these chesnuts," observes Gilpin, "scarcely inferior in grandeur to the proudest oaks. The tree on which Salvator Rosa has hung Edipus, is exactly one of them."

The patriarch oak must fall, though ages fly
And find him blooming still. To conq'ring fate
He yields at last, while round his uptorn roots
Light scions rise, that, in the gentlest sigh
Of zephyr waving, nod their wanton heads
Above the prostrate monarch of the wood.

Amid the verdure of the steepy bank,
The rocks jut out, in careless grandeur pil'd;
Nature has stained them with her pencil,—some
On their rough sides her beauteous lichens wear,
Or white or yellow;—others have a wreath
Of ivy, glossy, green and dark. Between
The granite masses rise the trees and climb
The precipice, until they scale its brow
Triumphantly; while in the flood below,
All that adorns the bank appears again
Inverted. Faithfully the mirror shows
The lowliest flower that blooms upon its marge,
The quiv'ring reed, the ascending grove, the rocks
With their rich colourings; and the beauteous swan
If here he oar'd his way, might see his bow

Of snow reflected in the liquid world.
And there is stillness too that may be felt,
No sounds profane this holy solitude;
No flitting wing is heard, nor sudden leap
Of sportive fish, nor gush of woodland song:
Silence upon the waveless bank might hold
Her solemn court, beneath the shelt'ring woods,
And with her sister, Contemplation, pass
The pensive hour in mental converse high.

While yet we gaze, the helm has turn'd the bow
Of our light pinnace to the shore, and lo,
The *Chapel on the rock, the votive fane,
By Edgcumbe rear'd, appears among the boughs

* The account which is given by Gilpin, of the escape of Cothele or Coteil, is evidently more entitled to credence than that which is generally received. He says, "The party of Coteil being beaten, he fled for his life; and as he was a man of consequence, was closely pursued. The Tamar opposed his flight. He made a short vow to the Virgin Mary, threw himself into the river, and swam safely to the promontory, before which we now lay on our oars. His upper garment which he had thrown off, floated down the stream, and giving occasion to believe that he had perished, checked the ardour of pursuit. In the meantime Coteil lurked in his own woods, 'till a happier moment, and

That stoop to clasp it. Age on age has flown
Since, here, he dash'd into the stream, and reach'd
The very promontory where the pile
His piety uprais'd, now stands. He plung'd
For life and won it. He had nobly leagued
With Richmond 'gainst the tyrant;—him who stole
Another's diadem, and basely crept
Upon the sleep of innocence, and thought
By foulest, midnight murder to secure
His sanguinary throne. The gallant chief
Pursued by usurpation's bloodhounds, roam'd
In his own woods an exile. Haply here,

in the day of security, raised this chapel to the holy Virgin, his protectress, who had the full honor of his escape."

"This building was repaired in 1769, by George lord Edgcumbe, the lineal descendant of Cothele. In the east window is some painted glass, representing the figure of a female saint, St. George and the Dragon, the crucifixion, and the arms of Edgecumbe, and Durnford. On the altar stands a gilt crucifix of wood, and a small image of a bishop, in pontificals. Over the altar are two old Gothic paintings; that on the right represents an angel, holding in his hand a sceptre, on the top of which is a bird; and the other, which is placed on the left, represents a female figure with a book in her hand. A painted tablet, affixed to the south wall, represents a monument of Sir Richard Edgecumbe, the founder of this chapel, and comptroller of the house-

Conceal'd, as pass'd on leaden wings the hour,
He gaz'd upon the bark which glided by,
Or look'd upon the landscape as it lay
Outstretch'd before him. O'er his head awoke
The music of the leaf, or cheerly rang
The lark's bewitching strains; but what are these?
What are the minstrelsies of earth and sky
To him who is not free to breathe the air
Of the full open landscape, and who starts
And feels his heart-blood curdle, if the breeze
But move the delicate aspen? What the forms
Enchanting, which inspiring Morning shows,
To one who fears the broad-ey'd dawn will guide

hold to Henry VII, by whom he was knighted at the battle of Bosworth Field. It appears by the inscription which is carried round the border, that being sent to France on a public embassy, he died on his return, at Morlaix, in Brittany, September 8th, 1489, and was buried before the high altar of the convent church at that place. He is here pourtrayed in the habit of a knight, in elegant armour, kneeling on one knee before a desk, his helmet and gauntlets lying by his side. Before him stands a bishop in his robes, and in the centre of the monument are a plain cross, and the arms of Edgcumbe At the west end of the chapel is a fine painting, which represents the entombing of Christ."

Gilbert's "History of Cornwall."

The prowler's step? and what are all the sounds
And hues divine of Eve, if chance he dread
His stony couch, lest shiv'ring he should wake
Poor hunted victim, in the murderer's grasp?

Hard by, the peasant shews the shelter'd vale
Through which the Danes held on their ruthless way
To Hengeston's bloody eminence, and still
He names that valley *Danescombe*. Proudly pass'd
The long array of banner, lance, and plume,
To yonder mountain side. The shock was fierce
When Briton, Dane, and Saxon met; the dead
Strew'd the ensanguin'd field. That fearful day
Has made the moorland memorable, nor
Has Time yet smooth'd with his all levelling hand,
The mounds that Piety rear'd o'er the slain.

That *tower by Edgcumbe rear'd, commands a view
O'er Devon's fields and Cornwall's billowy sward

* This tower is observed above the woods of Cothele, and commands most striking views. Among an infinity of objects, Mount Edgcumbe, the seat of the Right Honorable the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, is distinctly seen.

Magnificent, and happy he who thence,
As the year changeful rolls, surveys the face
Of all that teeming landscape. He who stood
On Pisgah's top, and far o'er Judah look'd,
Unto the "utmost sea," saw not within
That prospect more of beautiful or grand,
Than that which Cothele's tower presents to him
Who climbs its breezy battlements.

The tide
Has borne us swiftly onward, yet how smooth
The powerful impulse! Time, too, unperceiv'd,
Has darted by with more than lightning speed:
How soon the hour, when Pleasure crowns our heads
With garlands, vanishes! but not unmark'd,
Nor unadmir'd, were the scenes which rose
In fair succession on the flying shores.
Now voyag'd we beneath the pensile bough,
Deep shading all below, and now we held
Our course in the full sunshine; following still
Where'er convolving like the wanton eel
Old Tamar led his flood. Each moment brought

Fresh pleasure, for to him whom Nature charms,
There are exhaustless sources of delight,
Whether he cleaves the stream, or walks the field,
Ascends the hill to throw his eager glance
O'er the wide prospect, or reflecting strays
Through the peace loving vales. Across his path
The butterfly flies not on golden wing,
But straight he hails the wanderer that loves
The bright and breezeless June. The buzz of bee
Is music to his ear, and oft he stands
To mark the busy chymist as he toils
Through all the sun-bright hours. No smiling knot
Of early primroses, upon the warm
Luxuriant southern bank, appears, unhail'd
By him; nor in the high and clust'ring hedge
Does Flora plant the flow'r that gives the wind
Its odour, that sweet honeysuckle, which
Is fair as fragrant, but his well-pleas'd eye
Acknowledges its charms. Intent to mark
Each object thus, delighted to survey
Those forms and hues which Nature ever shows
In infinite display, the flight of Time

So rapid, we mark'd not, nor yet the force
Of the impetuous tide; and, lo! ere yet
We deem'd it near, see CALSTOCK's hamlet rise.

Sublimely seated on yon airy ridge,
High peering o'er the woods, the village church
Lifts to the cloud its venerable tower.
The peasant thence, exulting, looks on all
The boundless prospect; but his raptur'd eye
In all the goodly picture sees no spot,
So dear to him as that beloved vale,
Where his cot, straw-roof'd, borders on the stream
Of his own wand'ring Tamar. Priz'd by him
Is his abode of bliss. The morning gale
Steals through his leaf-hung lattice, breathing round
The odours of the garden; and how sweet,
How cool, how all-reviving, is the breeze
To him, of fragrant Evening. 'Tis the hour
Of grateful, welcome, rest. Relaxing then
On the oak bench before his cottage door,
Surrounded by his children, pleas'd he looks
On the rich harvests waving round; the fields

Strew'd with the odorous hay, the orchards hung
With crops of fairest promise;—or his eye
Rests on the sun irradiating all
The glowing West with his celestial hues:
And as the twilight slowly, solemnly
Approaches, lulling Nature to repose,
"And light and sound are ebbing from the earth"
Poor were the treasures of the radiant Ind,
To purchase raptures exquisite as his.

O sweet reposing cots! O mansions fair!
That rear your snow white fronts 'mid bowers of bliss,
What charms have palaces compar'd with yours?
What has the regal dome that men should wade
Through seas of blood to reach it? Ye who live
Where wreathing through the deep embowering grove,
The tell tale smoke upcurls, are happier far
Than the proud monarch of the proudest realm
That Earth has on its bosom! In the gay
And glitt'ring fane, let trains of courtiers wait
Watching the nod of royalty;—a king
Is solitary in the servile crowd,

For there he lacks sincerity and truth
To guide his erring footsteps! Him no airs
Of morn salutes, for grandeur seldom hears
The lark that hails the dawn! To you are left
Who live within the deep retiring dale,
The all supreme of pleasure, though despis'd;
For Peace, and Health, and meek contentment love
To dwell, for ever, in the rural reign.

Now martial music makes the woodlands ring,
And its full stream, harmonious, pours along
The shores; but, ah! no "rosy crowned Loves"
With "antic sport," and "blue ey'd Pleasures" frisk
Light in the frolic dance! Nor shall we see
The *wood gods peep from alleys green; but mark!
How Labour on the high and sunny slopes
Listens delighted! how "brown Exercise"

* Nor in the woodland seek I fancied gods,
The worn out themes, unfit for modern times;
Nor fairy train though sacred made to song
By one more dear than all of Grecian name,
Immortal Shakspeare!
BIDLAKE.

Suspends his ardent toil! Those infant groupes,
Who for the insatiate and devouring town,
From day to day, incessant, pluck the ripe
And luscious strawberry, are wond'ring too
At the strange minstrelsy which thus invades
The impressive silence of their native vale.

Music! how fascinating are thy strains!
Thy magic power have all the nations felt
E'en from the birth of Time! The polish'd,—rude,—
The wand'ring savage, and the reas'ning sage,
Thy influence have own'd. The mightiest hearts
Have been subdued;—the noblest, fairest, forms
Have yielded to thy witcheries; and still
Thou hold'st dominion over every part
Of the wide Earth, but, ah! thy fav'rite clime
Was Greece, immortal Greece! so silent now.

But see, how Devon beautifully lifts
Her bank, high peering o'er the eccentric stream.
Mark, how the pensile woodlands from the brink
Of the clear labyrinthian waters clothe

The slopes;—one deep and dark and graceful sheet
Of verdure, climbing to the ærial ridge!
Long has the eye Cornubia, raptur'd look'd
On thy green border,—on thy graceful hills
Clad with profusion of the summer leaf;
But now thy rival plants within the flood
Her giant masses, her majestic rocks;
And waves her mountain groves, and bursts at once
With all her wonted grandeur on the view!

Decay, and ruin, and oblivion wait
On all the proudest works of man! He lifts
His daring edifices to the skies, he piles
His gorgeous temples, and proclaims how great,
How fair, how durable, his cities are;
And their foundations deep within the rock
Triumphant lays! But still the mould'ring hand
Of Fate is on his noblest towers, and sweeps
His columns and his cities from the earth
With such wide-wasting besom, that no trace
Remains to tell the traveller where stood
The boasted structures once! What wonder then

If (as the *poet sings) thy turrets rose
HAREWOOD, in yon peninsula, that they
Have yielded to the DESOLATING POWER
Which stalks the universe! O where around
Thy black-brow'd battlements arose the groves,
Enwrapping in their deep-dark gloom the prize
By †treachery won;—the all-resistless maid
Elfrida, Devon's daughter? Here she liv'd
Almost unseen, (like some delicious flower

* Harewood is the place selected by Mason, for the scenes of love and distress attendant on the marriage of Athelwold and Elfrida.

Gilbert's "History of Cornwall."

Antiquarians suppose that the seat of the lady's father, Orgar, earl of Devon, was at Werrington, on the banks of the Tamar. This seat is now the property of his grace the duke of Northumberland.

† The story is well told by Goldsmith:—"Edgar had long heard of the beauty of a young lady, whose name was Elfrida, daughter to the earl of Devonshire; but unwilling to credit common fame in this particular, he sent Ethelwald, (or Athelwold) his favourite friend, to see, and inform him, if Elfrida was indeed that incomparable woman report had described her. Ethelwald arriving at the earl's, had no sooner cast his eyes upon that nobleman's daughter, than he became desperately enamoured of her himself. Such was the violence of his passion, that forgetting his master's intentions, he solicited only his own interests, and demanded for himself the beautiful Elfrida from her father in marriage. The favourite of a king was not likely to find a refusal, the earl gave his consent, and their nuptials were performed in private. Upon his return

That, far from human eye, adorns the glen;)
And, haply, liv'd enamour'd of the shades,
And sigh'd for Athelwold, by courts detain'd
Far from her native Tamar; till the voice
Of royal lover woke new wishes;—woke
Revenge and fierce ambition. Then the bower

to court, which was shortly after, he assured the king that her riches alone, and her high quality, had been the cause of her fame, and he appeared amazed how the world could talk so much and so unjustly of her charms. The king was satisfied, and no longer felt any curiosity, while Ethelwald secretly triumphed in his address. When he had by his deceit weaned the king from his purpose, he took an opportunity after some time, of turning the conversation on Elfrida, representing, that though the fortune of the earl of Devonshire's daughter would be a trifle to a king, yet it would be an immense acquisition to a needy subject. He therefore humbly intreated permission to pay his addresses to her, as she was the richest heiress in the kingdom. A request so seemingly reasonable, was readily complied with; Ethelwald returned to his wife, and their nuptials were celebrated in public. His greatest care, however, was employed in keeping her from court; and he took every precaution to prevent her appearing before a king so susceptible of love, while she was so capable of inspiring that passion. But it was impossible to keep his treachery long concealed. Edgar was soon informed of the whole transaction, but dissembling his resentment, he took occasion to visit that part of the country where this miracle of beauty was detained, accompanied by Ethelwald, who reluctantly attended him thither. Upon coming near the lady's habitation, he told him that he had a curiosity to see his wife, of whom he had formerly

Which love had rear'd within the stream fed vale,
She left, contemptuous, for the regal dome;
And reckless of her earliest, tenderest vows,
Trod o'er a husband's corse and reach'd a crown.

HAREWOOD, if e'er that haughty beauty trod
Thy fair peninsula,—if e'er she stray'd

heard so much, and desired to be introduced as his acquaintance. Ethelwald, thunder-struck at the proposal, did all in his power, but in vain, to dissuade him. All he could obtain, was permission to go before, on pretence of preparing for the king's reception.

On his arrival, he fell at his wife's feet, confessing what he had done to be possessed of her charms, and conjuring her to conceal as much as possible, her beauty from the king, who was but too susceptible of its power. Elfrida, little obliged to him for a passion that had deprived her of a crown, promised compliance; but prompted either by vanity or revenge, adorned her person with the most exquisite art, and called up all her beauty on the occasion. The event answered her expectations; the king no sooner saw, than he loved her, and was instantly resolved to obtain her. The better to effect his intentions, he concealed his passion from the husband, and took leave with a seeming indifference; but his revenge was not the less certain and fatal. Ethelwald was some time after sent into Northumberland, upon pretence of urgent affairs, and was found murdered in a wood by the way. Some say he was stabbed by the king's own hand; some, that he only commanded the assassination; however this be, Elfrida was soon after invited to court, by the king's own order, and their nuptials were performed with the usual solemnity."

Among thy groves, and on the flowery bank
Of Tamar rov'd, or from thy sunny brow
Delighted gaz'd;—O! never from that hour
When she turn'd from thee,—never did she taste
Such happiness, as in her native bowers
Bless'd her fine opening youth! A poor exchange
Were royalty's rich splendours for the ease
And innocence of virtuous privacy, for all
The pleasures of the rural life;—the breath
Of the fresh western gale, the groves that wave
And murmur in it, the elysian view,
The stream which flow'd in music at her feet,
The birds that hail'd the glorious sun, or pour'd
The witching vesper lay. To those who love
The call of fierce Ambition,—sylvan scenes
Though boundless, beautifnl, no charms afford;
And to the ear that lists her specious tale
Birds sing, streams flow, and gales breathe soft—in vain.

Harewood House is now the elegant residence of Salusbury Trelawny, esq. It is a modern mansion, built of free-stone, with three regular fronts, and is situated on a tongue of land, washed on three sides by the Tamar. From this charming seat, the river is seen winding amid the most diversified and enchanting scenery.

What crouds amid the blood-stain'd flight of Time
Have bent the knee to thee, Ambition, vile
Insatiate Moloch! Thy Circæan cup
Thou holdest to the lips of Man, and he,
Infuriated by the madd'ning draught,
Forgets the ties of brotherhood, and acts
Like a foul fiend. Through seas of human gore
He wades to his destructive aim; his heart
Is pitiless and hard; his arm is strong
To waste, to murder, and his flashing eye
Is tearless. Vainly rolls upon his ear
The deathful shriek; he hears it not, and thus
The maniac lords it o'er his suffering kind,
Till Fate omnipotent arrest his hand
And Justice drag him to her awful bar.

E'en in the ear of gentle woman, thou
Breathest unholy wishes; and when once,
Ambition, thou hast captive led the soul,
The fairest form may hide a tigress' heart!
Ah, let Corfe-Castle tell how woman urg'd
The secret, sanguinary blow! thy hand

Elfrida, pointed there the assassin's knife,
And stain'd it with a British monarch's blood!

O, Harewood, thron'd upon yon sunny ridge,
The most romantic, restless, foot might stop
Awhile on thy bright eminence;—the eye
By suffering clouded, might the beamy glance
Of pleasure throw on all that from thy brow
Diffusive spreads! The horizon wild is thine,
Far seen, where Cornwall mingles with the sky;
And thine the enchanting views that spread around
Of mellowing harvests, the all cheering green
Of fields inclos'd, the golden orchards, vales
With flowers and fruitage bless'd, the interchange
Of graceful hill and dale; while far below,
Disclos'd in all his wand'rings, Tamar leads
By rock and crag, by woods and flow'ry meads,
Smoothly and silently, his wanton course.

The hour of noon is pass'd, and yet the ray
So fiercely glows that e'en the veteran swain
Reluctantly declines the field, and quits

His scythe remorseless, destin'd to lay low;
Anon, the glory of the meadows. Here
Where hospitality has kindly rear'd,
Beneath the umbrage of the pleasant bank,
A welcome *dome; here, will we rest awhile
And spread the social board. A rural treat
Be ours, the feast of friendship; far away
Be dull formality, and farther still
Be reckless riot and profusion. Now
The bough our canopy, the sward our seat,
The frugal, plentiful, regale begins,
And, pleas'd, the lusty appetite partakes
(Provoked by Abstinence and air) the cheer.

The choice repast is ended, and we hoist
Once more the sail, for now a gentle breeze

* Between Calstock and Morwellham the voyager discovers on the Devon bank, a pavilion, in which, and under the surrounding leafage, he is permitted to rest and regale himself. This building was erected by —— Franklin, esq. the owner of a genteel mansion in the neighbourhood. The author, with some friends, visited it in 1819, and he gladly avails himself of the opportunity which the publication of this volume affords him, to offer to the generous proprietor, his best acknowledgments.

Dimples the bosom of the river. Day
Has lost its radiance and its fervours fierce,
And Evening hastes with cool, refreshing breath,
To soothe and renovate the panting world.

Again the *sail of commerce! On the bank
Brown Industry beneath the fervent beam
Plies hard to land the freight. The sailor smiles
To see his cargo, by a power unseen
Impell'd, ascend the †plane abrupt. The hand
Of skill and dauntless perseverance has
Pierced the mountain side, and led the stream
Of Tavy through the cavern. Darkling flows
The stream for many a furlong, 'till the beam

* At Morwellham. In the eminence above this tranquil village a tunnel has been formed, a mile and three quarters in length, and the Tavy has been introduced into the excavation. Iron boats navigate the cavern, and transport coals, manure, mineral productions, &c. to and from Morwellham, Tavistock, &c. The passage is terrific, and yet parties of pleasure, impelled by irresistible curiosity, occasionally pass through it, illuminated in their progress by the light of two candles only, one of which is not unfrequently extinguished by the droppings from the roof.

† The side of the hill is very steep, yet the cargoes of vessels, risen by machinery, ascend with considerable facility.

Of heaven, bright breaking, guides the laden bark
To the far-distant town. The daring arm
Of Enterprize, by godlike Science led,
Has fill'd our isle with wonders. Still be thou
England, the envy of the nations! Long
Maintain thou thy pre-eminence, and be,
From age to age, supreme in Arts and Arms.

How far the all powerful and majestic TIDE
Its silent irresistless course pursues!
How has the mighty impulse borne us on,
Through every maze perplex'd where Tamar loves
To lead the voyager! By breezy hills,
And soft retiring dales, by smiling lawns,
Bold headlands dark with umbrage of the groves,
By towns, and villages, and mansions fair,
And rocks magnificent, the potent rush
Of the mysterious ocean has impell'd
Our bark to day; but, mark! its force is spent,
See it retreats adown the verdant bank,
And ere yon lovely blushing flower had sipp'd
The draught saline, an agency unseen

Check'd the tumbling flow, and, lo! it rolls
Backward its flood,—behold the obedient sea!

Cornwall still offers us her leaf, and clothes
Her bank with beauty, but Devonia fills
The eye with her magnificence. Ye rise
Ye noble rocks with grandeur, but ye have
An air of loveliness, for Summer throws
Unnumber'd wreaths around you. Not thus break
Upon the view, the hideous crags which edge
The eternal Ocean, beetling o'er the deep
With most terrific aspect, huge and wild
And bleak and desolate, by Nature set
To battle with the world of waters. Here
Arise not fearful sounds from roaring cliffs
And howling caverns,—voices strange and deep
That terrify the ear, and refluent force
The life-blood's purple currents. Nothing here
Is heard but the soft murmur of the stream,
Or lute of voyager, or gush of song,
From brake, and bower, and sky. Devonia lifts
Her rocks sublimely, but they wear a crown,—

A verdurous crown, and have a graceful zone
Of flowers and foliage, while around their feet
The frequent grove uprushes;—majesty,
And strength, and beauty!

Hark! the bugle breaks
The deep repose! The shores are echoing round,
And the rich stream of melody rolls down
The steeps sublime, and sweeps with lightning speed
The sounding groves and the rejoicing vales:
A thousand wings are sailing the mid air
For the blast shook the woods;—'tis o'er,—again
Silence assumes her sway, the feather'd tribes
Drop one by one into the peaceful shades;
And nought in this sweet solitude is heard,
Save distant bell or lapse of silv'ry rill.

Amid this region of enchantment stands
A pile stupendous, rising from the flood
Abruptly; and though nature round its base
Has flung her leafage, yet its sides are bare
And verdureless, and shiver'd. On its top

A shape fantastic, wild, uncouth, appears,
Like some deserted wind worn turret which
Has borne the storms of ages! He who skims
The stream below looks up with reverence,
And quickly dips his oar and hastens by
The frowning pinnacle; for Time has been
Most busy here, and has bestrewn the ground
With massive fragments. Round the hoary wreck
The hawk is sailing now, the tyrant loves
To build his nest where desolation holds
Her lonely reign; he seeks the crag, the rock,
The inaccessible and dreary height,
And there unscar'd, unsought, the prowler feeds
With bloodiest plunder his insatiate brood.

And well, bold rock, has Nature plac'd thee here,
Thus rugged, blasted, frowning, verdureless!
More lovely seem the groves with thee so near,
More fair, more fresh; thou rushest on the view
With front so wild and withering, that we turn
With eager eye to look on them,—array'd
In living, youthful beauty. But, farewell,

Dread chronicle of centuries! we haste
To moor our skiff, awhile, where on the ear
Delighted, falls the music of the WEIR.

And hark upon the eddying breeze of Eve
The rush sonorous comes. Now sweep we round
The point of that green island,—there, disclos'd
At length, in graceful curve the river pours,
From bank to bank the liquid volumes down.

There are no sweeter sounds on Earth than those
Of gently falling waters; but when loud
As thunder, from some height terrific breaks
The foaming torrent, leaping into gulphs
Profound and horrible, the offended ear
Listens dismay'd. The astonish'd eye surveys
The headlong cataract, plung'd far below
Upon the groaning rock; it views the whirls,
The foaming currents, wave on wave commix'd
In furious endless conflict, and declines
The appalling spectacle. Not thus descends
The gentle Tamar. Leading on his flood,

Swell'd by auxiliar streams, he strays awhile
Amid the lawns of Werrington, and laves
Thy ancient walls, Launceston. Thence, in deep
And silent course, he seeks thy leaf-clad bridge,
Romantic Greystone, murm'ring gently through
Thy ivied arches. With the Ocean tide,
Seeking proud union then, the tranquil flood
Rolls on, 'till smoothly, musically, leaps
The bright, descending river o'er the Wier.

'Tis o'er,—the day declines, with sober step
Pale Evening comes; and every eye that saw
The cheerful morn, and glisten'd at the sight,
Looks westward, now, where sits the God of Day
Upon his burning throne; the glowing clouds
Encircling him with hues no pencil dares
To emulate. In vain the floating pomp—
The golden blaze—the emerald tints—the seas
Of sapphire, and the islets blest that sail
The ethereal ocean; pensively we gaze
On that which should divinest pleasure yield,
And fain would Friendship, like the chief of old,

Arrest the course of yon departing Sun:
But, ah! in characters as true as grand
And beautiful, those evanescent streaks
Which now he scatters o'er the burning heav'n,
Foretell the rapid close of day! We seek
Reluctantly our bark, too soon to lose
Woods, rocks, and verdant hills and smiling lawns,
In the deep shades of the relentless night.

Farewell! enjoyments of the fast-flown day!
Farewell!—a word best understood by him
And felt, on whom the world has firmly fix'd
A chain, but seldom loosen'd through the flight
Of the long toiling year! When Summer clothes
Anew the wanton woods, and strews her flowers,
And through the fields of æther the great Sun,
Rejoicing in his race, *again* shall shed
A day as fair as this, our skiff shall be,
Tamar, upon thy stream. Nor thoughtful seek
To lift the veil of Fate, nor fear the dart
That, haply, may ere next year's sun shall gild
The sylvan scene, invade with aim too sure

This dear domestic circle! Like the leaf,
When sweeps the annual death-blast o'er the woods,
'Tis true, we fall, when Heav'n decrees the blow;
But why by drear anticipation urge
That *one* who floated, Tamar, on thy flood
To-day, and raptur'd gaz'd upon thy banks,
Should, in the dreamless chambers of the tomb,
Slumber unconscious when the sun-bright floods
Are flowing, and inspiring Austral gales
Are gently breathing, and the soft voic'd lute
Is heard, and many a gilded pinnace floats,
By green Cotehele? Resign'd to sternest Fate,
If we must fall, upon the night's dull ear
Let choicest melodies arise, to chase
These visions of the future, 'till the Moon
Pouring her amber light o'er tower and tree,
Shall shed her holy calm;—'tis done, and now
The charm of Music drives the fiend Distrust:
Ye spirit chilling thoughts, away, away,
We still have Hope,—and, Hope is Happiness.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

ON VIEWING THE DEAD BODY OF A BEAUTIFUL INFANT.

Nascentes morimur finisque
Ab origine pendet.—HORACE.

THERE is a smile upon that cheek—
Those lips would seem almost to speak;
Calm is that look, that brow is fair,
The flaxen ringlet wantons there!
And well those features sweet we trace,
Which hover on that angel face;
He seems enwrapt in slumber deep—
Ah, Edwin! 'tis thy long, last sleep!

The chill of death is on that cheek—
Those lips shall never silence break;

No soul is in that cherub smile,
Illusive charm, and lovely guile!
The eye has shot its final spark,
The liquid, lustrous orb—is dark!
And swift must every feature fly
From the soft face of infancy!

And now—the kiss of agony,
"Whose touch thrills with mortality,"
The Parents give—but who shall tell
The anguish of that fond farewell!
Yet, from the grave's mysterious night
That form again shall spring to light!
E'en now in yon eternal rest,
The unearthly mansion of the blest,
The uncloth'd Spirit joins the hymn
Swelling from burning seraphim:
And were our passport to the skies
As his—then speed each hour that flies,
And Earth, let each successive Sun
'Swift rise—swift set—be bright, and done.'

ON SEEING A BRITISH FRIGATE CRUISING IN THE CHANNEL.

MARK, in mid channel, as the gales impel,
And the wild waves around her idly swell,
That frigate on her seaward errand sweep,
Seeking new triumphs on the trackless deep!
Her flag, her own unconquer'd flag, on high,
Is floating gallantly adown the sky,
And mightier is the ensign of command
That floats o'er Ocean than enslaves the land:
Should a proud foe the continent enchain
The British Seaman always rules the main;
In every sea upholds Britannia's throne,
And proudly cries, "*the Ocean is my own.*"

ON THE DEATH OF JULIA S——

Quo fugit Venus? Heu! Quove color decens,
Quo motus? Quid habet illius, illius,
Quæ spirabat amores? HOR.

Farewell! Oh! I have seen the magic beam
Of Julia's eye its lovely lightning play;
But never more shall that all-powerful stream
Of liquid lustre dart its conq'ring ray.

For o'er that eye has crept the mortal sleep,
And paleness o'er the cheek's transparent bloom;
Ah, Lady, there are eyes will wake and weep,
While thou art slumb'ring in the dreamless tomb.

Sweet maid, whom living, even Envy's breath
Acknowledged fair as her that Zeuxis drew;
Who can look on thee, beautiful in death,
And, Julia, without anguish, say—Adieu?

IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING

A LADY CENSURE A MIDSHIPMAN

On account of his deficiency in classical knowledge.

HARD is the seaboy's fate,—his opening hours
Deny'd to pass amid paternal bowers;
From mother's lip, for him, no gentle tale,
His cradle is the ship, his nurse the gale:
No "classic labour and inglorious ease,"
For him, who aims at laurels on the Seas,
But seamen learn,—whatever else they know,
From BLAKE to NELSON learn—*to beat the foe.*

THE GROUND SWELL.*

Written on the Breakwater, Plymouth Sound.

THE Sun is high, the Atlantic is unfann'd
E'en by the breathings of the gentle West,
And yet the broad blue flood is not at rest.
Amid the holy calm on sea and land
There is a murmuring on the distant strand,
And silently though Ocean heaves its breast,
The shoreward swellings wear a feathery crest,
And meet the opposing rocks in conflict grand.

These ships that dare the eternal winds and seas,
In the commotion roll without a breeze,
And as their sides the huge upswellings lave,
His flagging sails the listless seaman sees,
And wishes rather for the winds to rave,
And, like an arrow, dart him o'er the wave.

* The Ground Swell is principally occasioned by storms in the Atlantic, which agitate the sea many days after the tempests have ceased. The ocean heaves, as it were, in masses, but its surface is quite smooth, i. e. unbroken into waves, and without foam, except where it comes in contact with the coast.

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF

WINTER.

I love the summer calm,—I love
Smooth seas below, blue skies above,
The placid lake, the unruffled stream,
The woods that rest beneath the beam;
I love the deep, deep pause that reigns,
At highest noon o'er hills and plains,
And own that Summer's gentle rule
Is soothing, soft, and beautiful.

But Winter, in its angriest form,
Has charms,—"there's grandeur in the Storm;"
When the winds battle with the floods
And bow the mightiest of the woods,—
When the loud thunder, crash on crash,
Follows the lightning's herald flash,
And rocks and spires and towers are rent,
'Tis startling,—but magnificent.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A

FRIEND DURING HIS ABSENCE IN TOWN.

—— *Mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*

With trips to town, life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down.

GREEN.

SWEET was the genial reign of MAY,
Earth's emerald bosom own'd its sway;
Foster'd by life-dispensing showers,
Freshly upsprang its myriad flowers;
With music rang the sky—the grove—
And all was harmony and love;
When you commenc'd your *well-tim'd* ride,
O'er the *green island's* southern side,

And borne on pleasure's silken wing,
Flew through the bursting bower of SPRING;
Till, where up-rushing to the skies
The towers of LONDON thickly rise,
You breath'd the city's putrid air,
Ah! how unlike *our* atmosphere!
And rov'd from morn to eve, I ween
To see whatever could be seen,
Like Weathercock, for ever steering
Whither the fickle winds are veering.

Health to my friend! for me *no* ride
O'er the green island's southern side
Remains, tight fasten'd to that oar
Which thousands, chain'd to, quit no more,
I seek not, hope not, e'er to roam
Hence, where just heaven has fix'd my home;
Nor from that circle can I go
Whose radius is a mile or so;
Yet as through emerald vales you flew,
And scenes arose as fair as new,
As with gay fancy's visions blest,

You left behind the utmost WEST,
My first, last, thought at morn or even,
To my lov'd veteran friend was given.

Friendship which *space* cannot dissever,
Would strew your path with roses ever,
But *four weeks flown*, and *still* you roam!
Four weeks! and absent *still* from HOME!
Return, in Town no longer stay,
"The shark is there, and there his prey,"
Come, seek again the balmy WEST,
For on its flower-enamell'd breast,
Sun, shower, and breeze such charms have thrown
As may eclipse the charms of Town!
Your much-lov'd *Edgcumbe*, green and high,
In leafy glory meets the eye;
On its fair groves, so sweetly growing,
Atlantic gales are gently blowing,
And PLYMOUTH yet may boast, at least,
There is no EDGCUMBE in the EAST.

ALGIERS.

"ENGLISH Ships may be burned, English Men may be killed, but English courage is invincible."

DE WITT.

AS eagles in their airy flight,
As lions rising in their might,
They rush'd resistless to the fight,
To battle and to victory.

Then sped the hissing war-bolt, driv'n
Impetuous through the vollying heav'n;
And rampart, fort, and tower were riv'n,
Around the shrinking enemy.

Dark Chief—thy bravest held his breath,
When Britons dealt the work of death,
Fighting in Freedom's cause,—beneath
A sulph'rous burning canopy.

And, Mussulman, 'twas thine in vain
To brave the war-storm's FIERY RAIN,
That, fate-wing'd, rattled o'er thy slain,
In fearful, madd'ning revelry.

It shower'd beneath the solar beam;—
It sparkl'd in the lunar gleam;—
And through the night that fatal stream
Flash'd wide o'er Heaven's concavity.

Then floating down the blood-red sky,
The Cross victorious glared on high,
And the pale Crescent flutter'd nigh
No more in hated rivalry.

England shall lift the goblet high
To those who live;—their memory
Who died ("as all might wish to die")
She gives to immortality.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

"Cœperat ille, futura ruens in tempora, vates
VIRGO concipiet! VIRGO Natum paritura!"

'TWAS not the moon in glory streaming,
As she swam forth from cloud concealing;
It was not meteor glance, nor lightning,
The gorgeous concave instant bright'ning,
That rushing on the shepherd's eye,
Illumin'd heaven's vast canopy!
But, sailing down the radiant sky,
From bowers of bliss, from worlds on high
Appear'd, upborne on wings of fire,
A seraph host—an angel choir!

It came—that glorious embassy,
To hail the INCARNATE MYSTERY!

For this awoke the extatic hymn,
From glowing lips of seraphim!
Ne'er flow'd such strains on earthly gale,
O'er breezy hill, or list'ning vale,
Before; nor shall such sounds again
Break on the raptur'd ear of man,
Till, rising to his native sky,
He put on Immortality.

For this, too, flam'd o'er Bethlehem,
The brightest in night's diadem,
That herald star whose pilot ray
Illum'd the magi's doubtful way;
Bright wanderer through the fields of air,
Which led the enquiring sages where,
Cradled within a worthless manger,
Slept on that morn the immortal stranger.

He might have come in regal pomp,
With pealing of Archangel trump,—
An angel blast as loud and dread,
As that which shall awake the dead;

His lightning might have scar'd the night,
Streaming insufferable light;
His thunder, deep'ning, peal on peal,
Have made earth to her centre reel,
Deep voices such as shook with fear,
At Sinai's base, the favor'd seer;
The wing of whirlwind might have borne him;
The trampling earthquake gone before him:
He might have come that Holy One,
With millions round his awful throne,
Countless as are the sands that lie
On burning plains of Araby,
And, arm'd for vengeance, who could stand
Before each conq'ring red right hand.

He came not thus, no earthquake shock
Shiver'd the everlasting rock;
No trumpet blast, nor thunder peal,
Made earth through all her regions reel;
And but for the mysterious voicing
Of that unearthly choir rejoicing;

And but for that strange herald gem,
The star which burn'd o'er Bethlehem,
The shepherds, on his natal morn,
Had known not that the God was born.
There were no terrors, for the song
Of peace rose from the seraph throng;
On wings of love he came,—to save,
To pluck pale terror from the grave,
And, on the blood-stain'd Calvary,
He won for Man the victory!

ON READING THE REVD. R. POLWHELE'S

BEAUTIFUL POEM

ON THE

INFLUENCE OF LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

BLESS'D is the ideal charm attach'd to PLACE
That thus throws round it an illusive grace,
The LOCAL LOVE that with resistless force
Wings the plum'd bird, and nerves the noble horse;
O'er sky-wrapt crags the eagle's pinions wave,
The monarch lion loves his forest cave;
Each has a sympathy for den or nest
Some dear retreat—the scene of play or rest;
And humbler names with anxious care provide
One spot—preferr'd to all the world beside.

Man more intensely feels the Local Flame,
Fir'd by the charm of HOME's electric name;
He gives his bark to all the waves that roll,
Burns on the line, or shivers near the pole,
Braves the loud battle, dares the midnight storm,
And smiles at danger in its fiercest form;
Yet even he who fronts or storm, or war,
Thinks on one cherish'd scene which lies afar,
And the bold spirit that defies the gale,
Sighs for his leaf-wreath'd cot and tranquil vale.

But Memory gilds that spot with brightest ray
Where first his vision drank the light of day;
In fancy still he views it, yet the trees
That bless'd his youth are waving in the breeze;
The fields where erst he wandered, free from care
As the gay volatile that skims the air,
The hill, the dale, the stream that purls between
Are still before him, fair, and fresh, and green;
And a strange tear that oft bedews his eye
Attests the power of *Local Sympathy*.

Such is the *Love of Home* that fires the brave,
And, ocean-parted, quits not e'en the slave—
The passion of all clime—and thine the lay,
POLWHELE, that sings its all resistless sway.
And Memory sketches faithful, vivid, strong,
Her powers refreshed by thy master song;
There is no charm in this our pilgrimage,
More dear—aye, even the heart of age,
Than when that fond remembrancer displays
The fair localities of early days:
Delightful are her visions—at her call
They rise—of youth the hopes and pleasures all;
The entrancing joys, the griefs, the groundless fears,
That brighten'd, darken'd, all our infant years;
Her's still the task, wherever man may roam,
To paint in tenderest hues, his distant HOME,
Waking fond *Sympathy*, and thou hast sung
Sweet Bard, its influence with syren tongue.
The UNIVERSAL FLAME—the LOCAL FIRE
Was worthy of the magic of thy lyre,
And long shall England hail the Poet's name,
And bind around thy brows the unfading wreath of fame.

THE

SEAMAN's TALE.

Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet astris.
VIRG.

SWIFT to th' embracing deep,
Of British Architects the theme and boast,
Rush'd our devoted bark;
With loud acclaims the echoing welkin rung,
As first around the circling waves she flung,
That Hamoaze' bosom sweep;
Pride of Britannia's sea-girt coast,
Her name became each seaman's toast,
And long her waving flag was blest,
With constant Victory.

Our crew, a dauntless band,
The cheering song,—the battle,—or the dance,
With equal ardour shar'd;
Hearts volatile as air, yet bold as light,
In ev'ry clime they eager sought the fight
And shook each hostile strand.
Descry'd on Ocean's wave, no chance
Waits on thy hapless cruisers, France,
No hope, when Britain's Tars advance,—
Fav'rites of Victory.

In midnight's dreary hour,
(When sleep's embraces drowsy landmen fold)
Determin'd to the last,
Our heroes brav'd the storm,—The lightnings flash,
Howls the wild wave,—the pealing thunders crash,
But vain their power
To sink with fear our seamen bold,
Calmly the tempest they behold,
Firm, though the death-wing'd demon roll'd
His dread artillery.

In Biscay's stormy bay,
A Gallic fleet, stealing along, espy
Our death-devoted bark!
Ah, what could valour, what could skill avail,
Oppos'd to three, one solitary sail
In such unequal fray!
(A Lion in the toils)—on high
Our ensign flew,—no succour nigh,—
'Twas ours indignantly to die,
Or gain the Victory.

Peace to th' immortal brave,
Who fell that fatal day—a gallant few—
Now Ocean deep at rest;
Ye sank, supporting nobly Britain's fame—
Unstruck her flag, unstain'd the glorious name
That rules the subject wave.
Your country's tears are yours—the due
Well earn'd—of such a matchless crew;
And England, as she cries adieu,
Embalms your memory.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A

COLUMN AT CORUNNA.

STRANGER! this column marks no common spot,
Records no common tale. It is a pile
Rear'd by the friends of Liberty, and points
Where PORLIER fell, the victim of that king—
That thankless sullen bigot, whom his sword
Plac'd on a monk-encircled throne:—those monks,
Those all-destroying locusts of our globe,
Before whose progress earth an Eden smiles,
Behind whom frowns a waste—detested race!
Beneath their influence Liberty expir'd,
And PORLIER perished!

Stranger, pass not on
'Till thou hast bless'd his memory. The sod
Where freedom's martyr lies, a holy spot,

Her votary may kiss, and hallowed be
Their memories who perish in her cause
Rever'd and mourn'd for ever. Let the hand
Of Time resistless shiver from its base
This perishable column, and its tooth
This frail memorial gnaw; yet shall the tale
Of foul ingratitude, of laws outrag'd,
Of sacred institutions spurn'd, of blood
Shed by that miserable king, outlive
The sweep of after-ages; and old Time
Shall trumpet loudly forth his hated name—
A proverb, and a bye-word, and a mark
Fit for the finger of immortal scorn.

WRITTEN ON THE

EVENING OF THE INTERMENT

OF THE

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

WHO that has seen some lovely gem,
The garden's native diadem,
Some sweetly-blushing, blooming rose,
O'er which the gentle spring-breeze blows,
And on that Queen-flower fix'd his eye,
In raptur'd, tearful, extacy,
Has mourn'd not when its peerless form
Bow'd, hueless, lifeless, to the storm?

Fair as the gay imperial rose
When the young gale Favonian blows,
England's inimitable flow'r
Has blush'd and bloom'd too, but an hour.
And England mourns to-day the doom
Of Charlotte sinking to the tomb,

That high-born bride on whom the eye
Rested with loyal extacy.

The death-bell rings for thee a peal,
The sounds of death are on the gale;
These sad and solemn knells impart
Deep tremors to the sinking heart;
On the struck ear their accents fall,
Yet bring they not the Sabbath's call;
Though England seeks the House of Prayer,
Each worshipper is pensive there;
There is not seen that holy glow
Which cheerful Sabbath morns bestow;
From manly bosoms bursts the sigh,
And tearful is each female eye;
Low in the dust, with one accord
Our Israel bows before the Lord;
From all their future hope is riv'n,
And one great cry ascends to Heav'n.

This night for thee in service high
Shall burst the pensive psalmody:

And many a mourner there shall be
Who haply would have died for thee:
Unnerv'd, unmann'd, the holy seer
With fault'ring voice and rushing tear,
While reigns around a silence dread,
Shall read the service of the dead;
Pronouncing from the unerring word
That they who slumber in the Lord
Shall from the grave's mysterious night,
As "in a moment" spring to light;
Fair as the orbs, when day is spent,
That shine in Heaven's broad firmament,
Bright as the lustres that adorn
The effulgent froutlet of the morn.

Hard is his lot and keen his grief,
To whom no tear may bring relief:
And there is ONE whose stedfast eye
Shall rest beneath that canopy,
Which waves o'er CHARLOTTE, slumbring,—(deep
That mortal pause, that dreamless sleep,)

And haply not a tear shall part,
From his fix'd eye to ease his heart:—
The gazing crowd—the "service high,"—
The strains of pensive minstrelsy.—
He heeds not, hears not,—from his sigh,
Heav'n save my bitterest enemy!

To man is kindly, wisely, giv'n
If wrench'd from earth, to fix on Heav'n;
And nought is thine below the sky,
Mourner, but Hope and Memory!
Hope's visions still may gild the gloom,
Visions of bliss beyond the tomb;
And Memory by her magic pow'r
May muster up the former hour;
Bring back past joys in fond review,
And paint each scene "devoutly true;"
There is no solace else for thee
On this side Immortality.

TO THE

PROPRIETOR OF THE TELEGRAPH,

WITH A

PRIMROSE.

ACCEPT this Primrose, friend, it is a pledge
Of the returning SPRING. What though the wind,
The dread *East* wind, pass'd o'er the shiv'ring earth,
And shook from his deep rustling wings the snows,
And bound the streamlets and the rivers all
In crystal fetters. What though infancy,
And age, and vigorous manhood, felt the blast,
Before which many a human blossom fell,
Yet our fine DEVON, in a sunny nook,
Cherish'd this flower; and when the soft west wind
Came with its balmy breath and gentle showers,
And great APOLLO look'd forth from the sky,
With simple grace this first-born of the year
Wav'd its pale yellow star; and, lo! for thee
I pluck'd the welcome stranger. Chide me not,
(For my heart smote me while I gather'd it,)

I thought, to thee, whom Winter's potent hand
Had struck, it would be pleasant as the port
To wearied mariner, to look upon
The herald gem, and hear that Spring had calm'd
The elemental strife, and that full soon
Blue skies, warm gales, soft showers, delicious songs,
And beautiful forms and hues enchanting, would
At her kind bidding bless the graceful world.

THE LARK.

LIGHT from the sod the Lark exulting springs,
Joy tunes his voice and animates his wings;
Bard of the blushing dawn, to him are giv'n,
Earth's choicest verdure and the midway heav'n:
Hark! the glad strains that charm our wond'ring ears
As upward still the minstrel fearless steers,
'Till wide careering through the solar stream
A speck, he wanders on the morning beam.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY THE

QUEEN's LYING IN STATE.

HERE, Peasant, see, how human greatness ends,
Thou that hast haply mourn'd thy humble lot,
Thy days of labour and thy couch of straw!
See here how rank and poverty unite
At last, in one inevitable doom!
Thou know'st not, Peasant, how the tooth of care
Gnaws on the heart of grandeur! how unseen
Keen misery invades the costly dome
Men call a palace! Ah, if thou couldst see
The bitter thorn that oft in regal crown
Intrudes, and lacerates the royal brow
To anguish, thou wouldst bless thy humble lot,
Thy days of labour and thy bed of straw,

Days of hard toil, but oft of happiness,
At least of sweet *indifference*, and those,
Those nights of deep, deep slumber, one of which,
Sound, dreamless, vivifying, seldom cheers
The anxious hours of envied royalty.

ON A

DISTANT VIEW OF THE LIZARD.

THERE the bleak LIZARD, hazy seen from far,
Shakes from his rock-ribb'd sides the billowy war;
Round that wild point, a mark for Ocean's wave,
Let seas Atlantic dash and roar and rave;
Idly that war surrounds Cornubia's shore,
Tempests may beat, and seas Atlantic roar,
"Secure within," from crag and cliff and steep
She laughs to scorn the dæmons of the deep.

WRITTEN ON HEARING ONE OF THE

HEROES OF BANDA

DESCRIBE THE STORMING OF THAT PLACE.

Exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus.—VIRG.

DEEP thunders roll through heaven's vast plain,
A deluge pours the midnight rain,
Blue lightnings flash across the main,
Where, foam wrapt oft, our gallant train,
Dash through the billows manfully.

The wave we beat, a fearless few;
Danger but nerves each arm anew;
The shore we near—those towers we view,—
Those towers where soon our eager crew
Shall plant their flag triumphantly.

Now by your country's well-earn'd fame,
By him whom nought but death could tame,

By NELSON's never-dying name,
Pursue, pursue the glorious game,
And snatch a deathless victory.

From hill to hill the *beacons fly,
The shrill'd-tongued bugle cleaves the sky;
The men of England now are nigh,
Resolv'd in every clime to die,
Or bear away the victory.

We brave those foe-defying walls;
Still foremost where deep danger calls;
We scale! nor fear—nor death appals,
Long live his name, who nobly falls,
In England's grateful memory.

As †whirlwinds scour the sounding strand,
Our Heroes sweep the coward band:

* Beacons were fired by the enemy, and bugles were heard sounding the alarm, in different directions, yet the gallant assailants persevered in the attack.

† Though I quote from memory, I believe the words in the Gazette are "We swept the batteries like a whirlwind."

Where Britons lift the vengeful hand,
Bold is that foe who dares withstand,
In war's destructive rivalry.

Batavian! mark, thy flag lies low!
And soon must Indian breezes blow,
The flag that strikes a world with awe—
That shields the weak—to France gives law,
And floats o'er Ocean gallantly.

And, now, on England's flag the sun
Gleams red, the daring work is done;
England shall hear our deeds anon,
And many a cheer for Banda won,
Shall peal in loyal revelry.

TO THE

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,

On his Visit to Plymouth.

NOBILITAS SOLA EST ATQUE
UNICA VIRTUS.

Juv. Sat. 8.

THE flag of four proud nations crown'd the hills,
The gratulating cannon deeply roll'd,
And softest melodies were on the breeze,
All hearts inspiring;—then the joyous cheers
Upswell'd, of crowds that under smiling skies
Kept the full-hearted holiday;—the WEST
Did rise to hail thee.

Why arose the shouts
Of joyous thousands, and that heart-felt cry
"God save thee noble Glo'ster," which did ring
Through the acclaiming West? and why did men
Yield thee the unbought *homage of the heart?*

It was not merely that thou art a Prince,
Nor that on thee kind Nature has bestowed
The form imposing, and the lofty port
That doth become a Prince, but that she gave
To thee the true NOBILITY OF SOUL,
The princely mind, the intellectual rank
That raises man above his brother man.
Thy virtues did outrun thee, "trumpet-tongued,"
And therefore through the acclaiming West was heard
"*God save thee Glo'ster;*"—therefore did men yield
To thee the unbought *homage of the heart,*
And thus should princes live, and kings should hold,
With holy sway, the EMPIRE OF THE MIND.

TO FRIENDS IN KENT.

VIXI.

FAR, far away where Medway strays,
  Thy hop-cloth'd vallies, Kent, among,
Where, night-wrapt, Philomel essays
  A charming, an unrivall'd song,
I pensive turn, while mem'ry oft
  Recalls the scenes of days that were,
And many a recollection soft
  Beguiles from Friendship's eye the tear.

O when the lark with blithesome lay
  Sprang lightly from the dew-bath'd lawn,
How sweet it was with you to stray
  And hail the all-reviving dawn:
In fancy yet I hear the flow
  Of melody in Aylesford's vale,
Or breathe on Boxley's airy brow
  The freshness of the morning gale.

And oft, when Evening's gentle close
  Diffus'd a holy calm around,
When scarce a breath disturb'd the rose,
  Nor broke upon the ear a sound;
Tranquil each mind—all cares forgot,
  We wander'd wide o'er hill and dell,
Or ponder'd, pensive, round the spot
  Where CATIGERN and HENGIST fell.*

The melodies of night were ours,
  As swift decreas'd the homeward mile,
While Conversation woke her powers
  Care, thought, and distance to beguile.
Thee, Solitude, I love—but still,
  Spite of unsocial hermit scorn,
Believe—life's duties to fulfil,
  That man for fellow man was born.

* Between Maidstone and Chatham, and near the high road, stands a rude, yet most interesting memorial, erected by the Britons to the memory of CATIGERN, a British Prince, who on that spot perished, together with his adversary HENGIST, the Saxon, in single combat.

Farewel, for Fate's supreme command
  Has bade me quit your charming vales,
And call'd me to my native strand,
  Where sweep the wild Atlantic gales:
But by those hopes, yet, yet to meet,
  We cherish'd at our last adieu,
May my heart then forget to beat,
  When Friendship I forget, and you.

SUNSET.

Monday Evening, August 16th, 1819.

THE zenith spreads
Its canopy of sapphire, but the West
Has a magnificent array of clouds;
And, as the breeze plays on them, they assume
The forms of mountains, castled cliffs, and hills,
And shadowy glens, and groves, and beetling rocks,

And some, that seem far off, are voyaging
Their sun-bright path in folds of silver:—some
In golden masses float, and others have
Edgings of burning crimson.—Isles are seen,
All lovely, set within an emerald sea,
And there are dyes in the rich heavens,—such
As sparkle in the grand and gorgeous plume
Of JUNO's favorite bird, or deck the scal'd
And wreathing serpent.

Never, from the birth
Of Time, were scatter'd o'er the glowing sky
More splendid colourings. Every varying hue
Of every beautiful thing on earth,—the tints
Of heaven's own IRIS,—all are in the West
On this delicious eve.

Behind the green
And billowy horizon, once more sinks
The traveller of six thousand years. A wide
And deep-felt pause prevails;—the peaceful sway
Of Twilight is begun. Bright Morning calls

The world to action, and the tyrant SUN,
With beam intense, sweeps o'er it, sparing not
Earth's toiling millions, but sweet Evening brings
Her gentle airs to renovate the globe,
And (as the insatiate orb has drank the streams)
Sprinkles her liberal dews, and with a *hush*
Comes on, that her beloved may have rest—
The sons of toil.

The fiercely brilliant streaks
Of crimson disappear, but o'er the hills
A flush of orange hovers, softening up
Into harmonious union with the blue
That comes a sweeping down, for Twilight hastes
To dash all other colours from the sky
But this, her favorite azure. Even now
The East displays its palely-beaming stars,
With the mild, radiating Moon: and thus
There is no end to all thy prodigies,
O Nature!

WRITTEN DURING A WALK.

Esse Deum ita pervicuum est, ut qui id negaverit vix eum sanæ mentis existimem.

C. NAT. DEOR. L. 2. c. 16.

HOW Nature through her ample reign displays
The wisdom of her Maker! When I stray
Beneath the gloom of her high-arching woods,
Where contemplation hears no other sound
Than the low voice of the mysterious breeze,—
Or wander near her streams befring'd with flowers,
The least of which proclaims, and loudly too,
The forming finger of a GOD; or glance,
With eye of rapture, o'er the lovely forms
That every where obey the summer beam,
And rise supreme in beauty:—when I look
On that stupendous sun, firm fix'd in space
Pouring upon the nations light and life,
I bow before the *present Deity!*

And oft in mental wonder ask the woods,
The herbs, the flowers, the streams, the glorious sun,
Can there be such who gaze on your divine,
Your beautiful, and art-defying forms,
And, mid the miracles of earth and sky,
Unaw'd, deny the existence of a GOD,
And in his stead exalt the phantom CHANCE?

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE

GRAVE OF BURNS,

Before the commencement of the subscription for erecting a monument to his memory.

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit
Dumq: thymo pascentur apes dum rore cicadæ
Semper honos: nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.—VIRG.

LET Spring with liberal hand bedeck the sward,
And shed her glories o'er the fallen bard;
Here his own *daisy* should, on slender stem,
Wave o'er the Poet's grave its "*bonnie gem*;"

Here, carolling to heav'n, from *"milk white thorn,"*
Should burst the choicest melodies of morn;
Aye, here a pile should rise upon the view,
Nobler than Eastern Monarch ever knew.

With tearful eye pale CALEDONIA mourns,
Sky rapt or earth beguil'd—her darling BURNS;
And soon the land that gave the *"Bardie"* birth,
Shall raise the pile o'er this all-hallowed earth.
But though the rank grass o'er his head should wave,
Nor song should bless, nor flowers bedeck his grave,
Nor monumental lay deplore the death,
Of Genius, sinking to an early tomb,
Yet round his name shall Glory's halo sweep,
Through days to come—through ages yet that sleep;
And his lov'd COILA shall exulting cry,
"Thy fame, my matchless son, can NEVER die."

WRITTEN ON THE

LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR 1819.

Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.—VIRGIL.

OLD YEAR, farewell! I enter unappall'd
Upon the *New*, though clouds and mystery
Do hang upon it. Much of anxious care,
In this division of our checquer'd state,
Haply awaits me, but kind Providence
Has mercifully thrown a veil across
The pregnant future, and to fear the worst
Is but to fight with shadows. On the past
I look with some regrets, and who is he
So spotless, sinless, that he faulters not
When memory unfolds her faithful map;—
Too garrulous—too steady to her task
When she brings back the "few and evil" days
Of erring, sorrowing man.

The new year comes!

The last is gone into eternity!
Farewell once more, and yet I would not call
The fugitive again;—let those look back
All languishing, upon their far-flown days,
Whose path was strown with flowers—who press'd the couch
Of Ease so delicately, that they felt
Pain from the doubling rose-leaf, like the old
Luxurious Sybarite. I would not tread
The rugged journey of that year again;
The New may be more kind, but, come what may,
It is our duty still to kiss the rod,
And calmly meet the buffetings of Time
If they must come, for, in a tone sublime,
The voice of Providence still says to man—
Hope, though the heart strings quiver, live and—HOPE.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A

COLUMN AT MOSCOW.

Written soon after the destruction of that city.

STRANGER! who wanderest near the sad remains
Of pensive Moscow humbled to the dust,
Though rich and powerful once, repress the sigh
That soft compassion prompts, and let the burst
Of holy indignation light thine eye
And nerve thy vengeful arm! To ev'ry land,
On eagles' wings the bloody tale has flown,
How on this city, with his ruthless hosts,
The great destroyer came, and Moscow ceas'd
To live among the nations. Wrapp'd in fire,
Her domes, her altars, and her temples sank,
Her "cry went up to Heav'n."

Not unheard
That fear struck cry ascended: soon the sword
Of Russia, thinn'd the guilty flying foe,

By day and night did vengeance stretch its hand
And glean the human harvest. From on high
Commissioned came the messenger of death,
Destruction's angel smote their stiffening hosts,
The sword of Justice smote them. Hapless men,
The breath of God had passed o'er the land,
His snows descended, and they slept their last,—
Russia's destroyers slept!

There is a God,
Stranger, that rules the ball!—that fallen band,
Russia's invaders,—they the bloody scourge
Of the long suffering nations—they did drink
E'en to the dregs extreme, the bitter cup
Of his all-righteous vengeance; and shall he
Supreme in wickedness, their guilty chief,
Shall he untouched escape? The piercing cry
Of blood hath peal'd around th' Eternal Throne
And shall it peal in vain? Ah! Stranger, no!
To accomplish the mysterious work of Heav'n
(Immortal till that awful work be done)
The great destroyer lives—yet hastens on—
Yet with a sure and ceaseless speed rolls on
His hour of retribution

TO

THE ROBIN.

SWEET bard of Autumn, silent is the song
Of earth and sky, that in the Summer hour
Rang joyously, and thou alone art left
Sole minstrel of the dull and sinking year.
But trust me, warbler, lovelier lay than this,
Which now thou pourest to the chilling eve,
The joy inspiring Summer never knew.
The very children love to hear thy tale,
And talk of thee in many a legend wild,
And bless thee for those touching notes of thine!
Sweet household bird! that infancy and age
Delight to cherish, thou dost well repay
The frequent crumbs that generous hands bestow;
Beguiling man with minstrelsy divine,
And cheering his dark hours, and teaching him
Through cold and gloom, Autumn and Winter,—HOPE.

THE SHATTERED TREE.

Written on viewing the remains of a large fir-tree struck by lightning, March 1818.

THE breath of Spring has cloth'd anew the woods,
The breeze of freshness is upon them now,
And soon, beneath the beam of Summer, they
Shall rest, how beautifully rest, at noon.
But here is one whom not the breath of Spring,
With all its inspirations, shall revive;
One mid the wild wood, whom the Summer beam
Shall glance upon in vain. Thy hour is past,
Thou monarch of the grove, when, green and high,
Thy ample boughs diffus'd their friendly shade,
A shelter from the pelting of the storm;
Or haply, if the grand sun threw his beams,
A grateful bower of coolness, where fatigue
Might spend the listless hour; and there were heard
Around the melodies of morn and eve,
And the soft lapses of a gentle brook
Did murmur at thy foot—a lovely spot—
Music, and shade, and flowers.

That gentle brook
Still rolls in music on; the birds
Still make the woodland ring with grateful sounds,
But never more the traveller shall seek
Repose beneath *thy* shade. Thy shiver'd stem
Hath lost its verdant crown, but rises still
In solitary grandeur. Desolate,
Amid the pomp and leafiness of groves,
It stands a monument of what it was—
"Mightiest among the mighty." Hoar with age,
Long didst thou brave the rude assaulting winds,
Wild from the Atlantic, and no common power
Struck thee at last. It was the blue-wing'd flash,
The arrowy, irresistless fire of heav'n,
Mysterious agent, vengeful, swift as thought,
Whose touch is *death*, that made thee what thou art,
Amid a world of beauty.

Fearful 'tis
To look upon thee *now*, and solemn thoughts
Come o'er the soul,—a reverential awe
At thought of those tremendous energies
That are around us. How the mind retires

Upon itself in deep and holy fear,
Which scarcely *these* soft melodies, and all
These sweet associations, brooks and flowers,
And foliage waving in the gale, may hush.
How sudden, how decisive was the stroke,
Majestic forester, that laid thee low!
One moment thou didst stand, in sylvan pride,
With cone unbending, buffeting the storm,
The next, the flame was on thee—then that crash,
And thou wast———thus!

So often falls the blow
Upon ambition's head; and we who stand
Around these venerable fragments—we
Have seen how signally may vengeance strike,
As in a moment, all the glorious names—
Chief, Monarch, Emperor, that greatness claims
On this eventful globe. Let grandeur scale
The dangerous eminence, let glory dare
The foremost rank, be ours the happier lot,
Deep in the vale of life, with roses crown'd,
By virtue guided, tranquilly to hear

The thunder roll from far; nor let us brave
The flash that plays around ambition's brow
Which, with a power omnipotent, may strike
At last the deathful blow.

THE MEWSTONE.

Written during an excursion near Langdon Hall, Wembury.

THE sea-bird claims that solitary spot
The MEWSTONE, and around, loud screaming, wheels
In undisturb'd possession; other sounds,
Save those of shrieking winds, and battling cliffs,
Are seldom heard in that deserted isle!
The spirit of desolation seems to dwell
Within it, and although the sun is high,
And nature is at holy peace, it has
An aspect wild and dreary. Even now
The waves are rudely breaking at its base,
And a white feathery girdle clasps it round;

But in the wint'ry storm, when all that sea—
The terrible Atlantic, breasts its rocks
In thundering conflict, the unearthly howl
Might almost wake the dead!

But here are scenes
Which, if the wildness of the ocean view
Has giv'n the mind a melancholy tone,
Will yield a sure relief. 'Tis but to turn,
And all the landward map unfolds itself,
"A blending of all beauties;"—cheerful fields
Array'd in liveliest green and of all shades,
And harvests waving in the gale, and towns
And tranquil villages, reposing cots
And noble mansions mantled deep in leaf
Crowning the hills luxuriant. There the Yealm
Strays murmuring among his wooded cliffs,
And on his banks is LANGDON, seated deep
In its own clustering groves; and who would hope,
Who haply treads that desert bay below
Where ends the course of Yealm, to find so near
A spot so sweet as LANGDON? Fairer scenes

Than those that lie beneath the raptur'd eye,
This green isle knows not: ever varied, too,
Is the rich prospect; vallies softly sink,
And uplands swell, no level sameness tires,
While in the distance, happily dispos'd,
Sweeps round the bold blue moor.

LINES

WRITTEN NEAR SHAUGH BRIDGE.

——the CAD o'er crags white-flashing roars,
To meet the PLYM.

HOWARD'S BICKLEIGH VAL

RUDE mass,* that frownest o'er the downward fl
How many ages have sufficed to shake
Thy hoar and fractur'd crest? Triumphant Time
With granite trophies has bestrew'd the stream
That murmurs far below. I wildly gaze
Upon thee, ancient chronicler, and think
How many generations of weak men

* Dewerstone.

Have risen, and have vanish'd from the earth,
Whilst thou, enduring through the flight of years,
A solitary mark for winds and storms,
And all the injuries of heaven, hast stood
The MONARCH of the MOOR.

A holy peace
Pervades this moorland solitude—the world,
And all who love that world, are far away!
Nothing is heard but the sweet melody
Which the CAD makes, contending with the rocks
That check his rapid flight! The sun is high,
And a soft breeze is playing with those leaves
Which clothe the base of DEWERSTONE;—yon wood,
Clad in the lightest foliage of the spring,
Just feels its impulse. Soon the closing year,
Alas, shall sweep its robe of green away,
And verdant scenes and sunny hours no more
Delight the wayward traveller. This stream,
This tinkling stream, that speeds its journey on
Through flowers and music to the sea, shall roll
High swoln, and clamorous, in thunder down
Upon the frighten'd vales.

Yet when, sweet Spring,
Thy influence, again, shall make the bud
"Leap into leaf," and gentlest airs shall creep
Across the bosom of the moor, my feet
Shall tread the banks of CAD. Let others roam
Trough *softer* scenes—through rank luxuriant vales—
Repose in luscious bowers, or waste the day
Where Art has spread its most voluptuous charms,
I seek thee, Nature, in thy *wildest* forms,
Thy mountain cataracts, and frowning heights,
Where, as the unbroken *prospect* spreads around,
Life-giving breezes, health and spirits bless
The Highland Wanderer.

ON SEEING

MR. EASTLAKE'S PICTURE OF BONAPARTE.

ALMOST moves
The unrivall'd semblance. On that lofty brow
Sits thoughtful enterprize—that speaking eye
Sparkles intelligence—the wond'rous whole

Commands—awes—fascinates. It is the Chief
Who, on the wreck of throne and tribune, reach'd
The giddiest eminence insatiate man
Has ever yet attain'd. Who has not heard,
And heard too true, and shudder'd as he heard,
How swept his eagles o'er the phantom hosts
Of Jena, Friedland, Austerlitz! 'Tis he
At whose bare nod a million swords outsprung;
Before whom armies wither'd at the touch;
Whom nations worshipp'd on the supple knee;
Caress'd, serv'd, flatter'd, by recumbent kings;
And but for England—Universal Lord
Of beaten, recreant, Europe!

From that height
So giddy and so fearful, thou art fall'n
Son of the Morning! On yon murm'ring wave
I saw thee—mark'd thee, when, all glory shorn,
(The British Red Cross floating o'er thy head)
Upon the wond'ring multitudes beneath,
Were cast the impetuous glances of thine eye,
Chasten'd but not subdued.

And happily
Though sketch'd upon the wild, unsteady wave,
The artist has the immortal features caught:—
The eagle eye—the curling lip—the calm
Proud brow, on which the master spirit sits
Scorning the "host of hatred" standing by,—
And that unmov'd, enduring look which is
"Such gall and wormwood to an enemy,"—
All these, and more, the pencil has transferr'd
To the life-breathing canvas, with a rich
And rare fidelity.

I love thee not,
Mysterious Man, nor would I have my soul
So blood-stain'd, for a million times more crowns
Than ever thou didst grasp,—yet, living still
Upon that sullen rock, where *rest and calm
Await thee, may no soul deluding hopes
Of after-fame—no dreams of vengeance cross
Thy frenzied vision—but repentance bless
Thy closing hours, and mercy o'er the past
Draw her oblivious veil.

* "But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell."

WRITTEN AT EVENING,

On the Beach, Richmond Baths, Plymouth-Dock.*

EDGCUMBE there,
Unrivall'd, o'er its sea-girt base rears high
Its groves magnificent, in all the pomp
Of glowing summer clad; its lawns are now
Besprinkled with the fair, who love to roam,
And mark the fascinating views which rise
Each moment on the eye. The Tamar rolls
Its rapid tide between, and proudly bears
Upon its ample bosom those fam'd barks
Whose gallant crews have made each pole resound
With high achievement, and the British Name
Have gloriously upheld—a matchless band
Whose gen'rous daring, and contempt of death,
Cool-temper'd skill, and discipline, yield not,
E'en to the boasted days of *Greece and Rome.*

* The Richmond Baths are inferior to none in the kingdom in point of convenience and general accommodation, and the strength and clearness of the water, from the vicinity of the Baths to the Atlantic ocean, must render them extremely useful to valetudinarians. The scenery around them is exquisitely beautiful.

Welcome! ye gales Favonian, ye have skimm'd
The immeasurable Ocean, and, with warm
And gentle breath, now kiss the azure wave
That sweeps the gently-rising beach below,
Where oft the timid bather seeks and finds
Returning vigor. How delightful 'tis,
At fresh'ning morn, or "twilight-tinctur'd" eve,
To wanton in the pure Atlantic flood,
And breast the gentle billow. Laura here,
With pallid cheeks, and spirits sunk, and limbs
Enervate, sought each morn the pebbled strand—
Each morning renovation found—the wave
Gave animation new to every pulse,
A higher glow suffus'd that lovely face,
And fresher roses bloom'd on Beauty's cheek.

Here the bold swimmer, too, with manly strength,
Moves gracefully along, or plunges deep,
While fathoms roll above th' undaunted youth.
'Tis health he courts, nor courts he it in vain
Who seeks it in the surge, and from the bed
Of sloth, while others sleep, awakes to lave
His manly limbs in clear Atlantic seas.

How beautiful that *bay! The rocks which edge
Its graceful curve frown sternly, but how sweet
The wreath of green that decks their rugged heads!
And, mark! with what a step magnificent
The groves ascend the verdant slope, until
They reach the mountain brow and freshly roll
In every breeze which skims the breadth immense
Of Ocean. Most reviving to the eye
Of the tir'd sailor is the lovely scene:
He has not found, in all the varied shores
Of the wide earth a port that boasts more fair—
More graceful leafage; and he hastes to drop
His anchor in the tide 'till duty call,
With summons stern, to quit the alluring bowers
Of Barnpool, for the dull and dreary view
Of scowling skies, on every point that seem
To mingle with the main.

The dreaded "Bridge"

There throws its peeping rocks athwart the tide,
And stems the breaching foam. For many an age
Has that rough barrier borne old Ocean's brunts,
And interposing 'cross the Harbour's mouth,

* Barnpool.

Preserv'd "all well" within. Thus in the storms
Of public life, when Tyranny lifts high
Its impious hand against a people's rights,
The intrepid Patriot stands, and nobly checks,
"Unaw'd, unterrify'd," its utmost rage.

'Tis sun-set, and the pealing gun proclaims
The reign of twilight. Hark! from ship to ship
The warning goes loquacious—'tis the call
To cautious vigilance;—the nightly watch
Is set;—the seaman's arduous duty done,
He sinks to rest;—the timid fair retire
From Edgcumbe's lawns;—the pleasure boat skims home
Her wanton streamers waving in the wind.

The cliff, the hill, the wood, the river's breast
Are disappearing; deep involving shades
Are snatching each lov'd object from the view.
But never did the beam of Evening set
On prospects more delightful; nor does Morn,
As swift she traverses the mighty globe,
Beam on a more enchanting spot of earth,
Than when from yonder mountain brow she lifts
The mantle of the dull, malignant night.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A

COLUMN AT WATERLOO.

WHEN fierce Ambition, driving wild her car
From state to state, her crimson'd banner wav'd
Triumphantly, and at her wheels essay'd
To bend the shrinking nations,—on this sward
Was stopp'd her desolating course. To thee,
Traveller! if virtue warm thy breast—if love
Of home—of country—that immortal flame
(Not with the Spartan lost) which erst achiev'd
So many spirit-stirring deeds, inspire
With noblest sentiments thy glowing breast,
The field of WATERLOO to thee shall be
An ever-hallowed spot.

For many a year
Flush'd with unceasing victory; with arms,
With all the nicest stratagems of war,
Familiar, rushing madly on his fate,
The Gaul advanc'd e'en to the very field

Where, traveller, thou ponderest. *Here* he met
Defeat and deep disgrace. But, traveller, mark!
He fought with Freemen! He no longer met
The weak, the trembling spear of slaves. He crouch'd
Beneath the sinewy arm of Liberty;
Beneath the inspiring mind the Goddess pours
Enthusiasm holy.

England struck
The dread decisive blow! The Eagle cower'd,
That fell and ominous Eagle—and his shriek,
His death-shriek, scar'd the nations. England rose
Her red cross high; triumphant stream'd her flag,
But, ah! its folds were bloody, and her sons
Lay dead and cold beneath. Thou treadest now,
Traveller, above the brave. Their country rears
To their immortal memory this pile;
And, or a Briton, or a stranger, thou
Wilt not refuse a tributary tear
To those who, dying, conquer'd Gallia's troops;—
To those who in the fire-sheet's havoc stood
And, ah! at last amid that torrent fell,
That, traveller, thou mightst live, and still be—free!

FOR A

COLUMN AT CADIZ.

SPAIN welcomes thee unto the sacred spot
Where she uprears this pillar! Stranger, now
Thou treadest on that holy sward, where first
She made successful stand against the power
Of stern Oppression. Let CORUNNA tell
How PORLIER perish'd! By the watch-tower's light
Majorca saw upon her blood-stain'd strand
The patriot LACY fall. On foreign shores
Hesperia's exiles pined who had repell'd,
With nerve of steel and soul of flame, the foe;
And, traveller, hear it,—dungeons for the brave,
Racks for the virtuous, were the recompence
Of valour and fidelity!

In vain
The scaffold and the rack, in vain the depths
Of dungeons, and their horrors to arrest
The march of truth;—the final hour was come
Of unrelenting tyranny. The ray

Of *knowledge* beam'd, dispersing all the mists
That had envelop'd the immortal mind:
The shadows flew before that conq'ring light,
As from the orb of Heav'n the darkness flies
At bright'ning, gladd'ning dawn!

Her victor flag
Did Liberty unfurl: around that sign
Crouded the bold, and Spain at once shook off
The sleep of ages! Rock and mountain rang
With din of arms—with Freedom's gathering cry—
And millions rous'd them at that thrilling call
With clasping hand and fervent oath; and soon
The eye of the great Sun look'd down no more
Upon a land of slaves. O stranger, bend
Thy knee at this proud column! Long shall Spain,
Her virgins, matrons, warriors, raise the lay
Enthusiastic round it, nor wilt thou,
When swells a nation's voice, refuse to join
In the grand hymn of Freedom!

FINIS.

J. CONGDON, PRINTER, DOCK.